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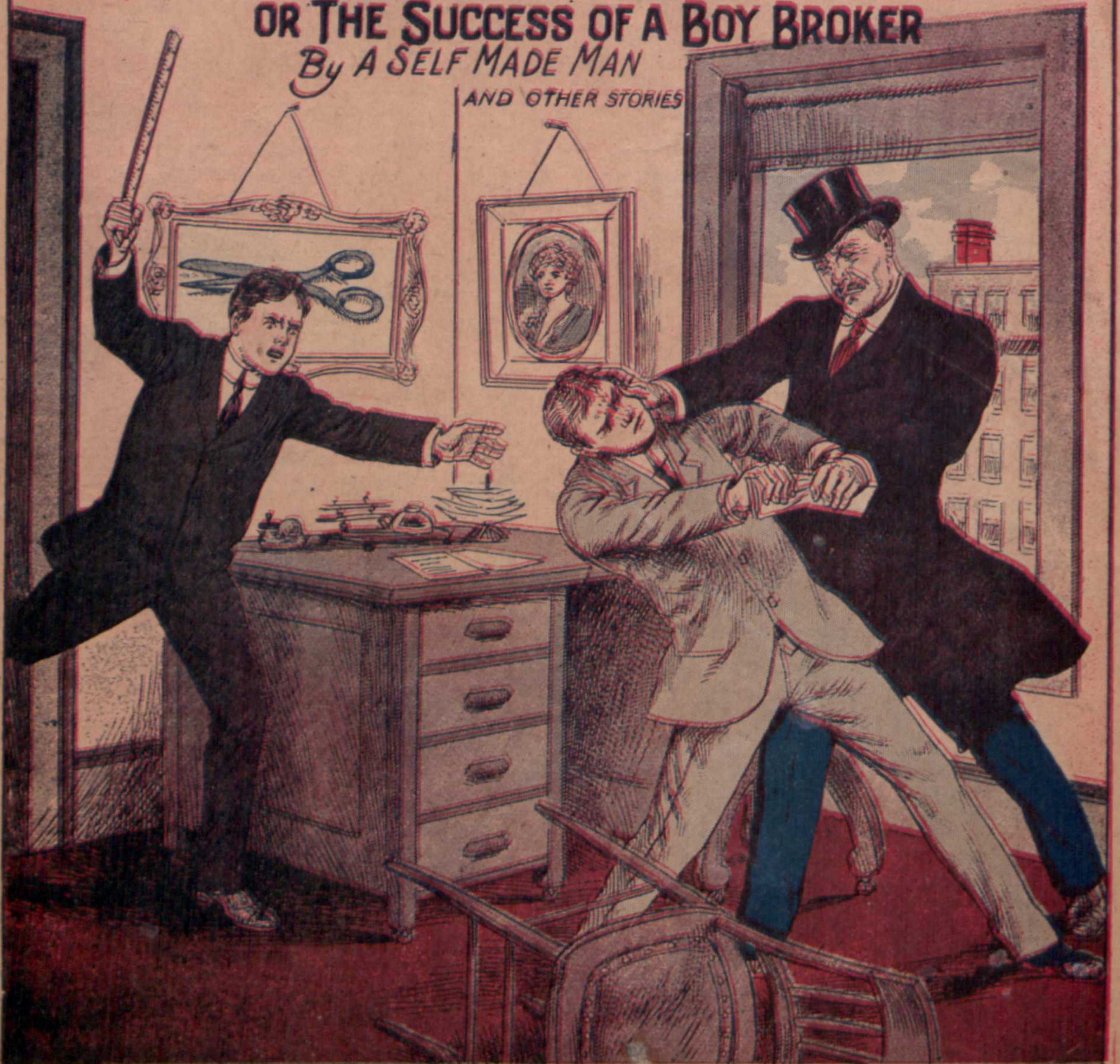
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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

WILL FOX OF WALL STREET!
OR THE SUCCESS OF A BOY BROKER
By A SELF MADE MAN

AND OTHER STORIES



"Give me that paper!" cried Stimson, trying to wrest it from Jimmy's fingers. "No, I won't," retorted the boy, seizing the broker by the wrist. "You've no right to it."

Will grabbed up a ruler and rushed to Jimmy's assistance.

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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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No. 775.

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CHAPTER I.—Will Fox

"Say, Burton, who is Will Fox, of Wall Street?" asked Broker Stimson of another trader as they met in front of the Stock Exchange.

"You've got me, Stimson. I never heard of such a person before," said Burton.

"Here's his advertisement in the Argus: 'Will Fox, of Wall Street. Stocks and Bonds Bought and Sold on Commission. Western mining shares a specialty. Daily market letter sent by mail to all interested. Office of the Blue Jeans M. & M. Co., Room 555, Magnet Building, Wall Street, New York.' Must be some new broker from out of town who is trying to secure a foothold in the financial district."

"He's pretty new, for you are the first person I've heard speak of him," said Barton.

"It was this advertisement that called my attention to him. I must make his acquaintance for I like new things—the newer the better."

"You'll take your shears with you, I suppose, and try and clip a sample of his fleece?" chuckled Burton.

"I always have my shears with me, so do you and the rest of the boys, for it's somebody's fleece we're all out for every working day of our lives."

"Somebody's goat, you mean," laughed Burton. "They say you have quite a collection in your office."

"I haven't got yours there—yet."

"But you live in hopes, eh?"

"It's pretty hard to get your goat. They say you keep it chained so fast to your desk that it would take a burglar's kit to pry it loose."

"I notice you keep a mighty sharp watch over your own goat."

"I'd be a fool if I didn't, when I see so many traps set to catch it."

"Traps! Why, my dear fellow, aren't we all friends down here?"

"Sure we are," said Stimson, with a hyena-like grin. "Just as friendly as rival politicians are. I met half a dozen of the boys in the Empire Cafe to-day who treated me just like a brother, and yet, to my certain knowledge, every one of them has at one time or another plotted to reach my bank account. Oh, yes, we're all friends down here, but it behoves a man to keep his eyes skinned or some day he'll wake up to the fact that his bank roll is roosting under some other fellow's name."

"Great tarballs, Stimson, you seem to have a hard opinion of your colleagues," said Burton.

"No harder than the bunch has of me, I guess. I overheard a man, who shall be nameless, tell another the other day that Stimson spent half 'is time trying to find out how much money his friends had, and the other half devising schemes to get legal possession of it."

"Holy smoke! did he say that?" laughed Burton.

"He did, and worse."

"Worse!"

"Yes; he said he believed Stimson would deliberately plot to ruin his best friend, and having accomplished it, would then take him by the hand and sympathize with him over his loss."

"Well, that's the limit. Do you think you deserve it?"

Stimson shrugged his shoulders, thereby implying either that it might be true, or, that he didn't mind in the least what others said about him, or both.

As a matter of fact, Stimson had a tough reputation in the Street, for he was a man of foxy proclivities, and all was fish that came to his net. It seemed to be a matter of no great moment to him whether it was a friend or a foe that suffered in the Wall Street shuffle, when he was vitally interested in the outcome of a deal. Such being the case, it will not be a matter of surprise that half the traders in the Street fought shy of him, for they had a wholesome respect for his methods. Burton had his own private opinion about Stimson, but he never expressed it. He was surprised to hear that gentleman repeat what he had overheard about himself, for, as a rule, people don't usually give such things away.

It might be that Stimson let it out because he was smarting under the sting of the affront, and wanted Burton to understand that he regarded it more as a joke than as an insult. Whatever his reason was he said no more on the subject, and in a moment or two the brokers separated. While they were talking, the subject of the first part of their interview was seated in his office, room 555, Magnet Building, dictating the next day's market letter to a pretty, fair-haired girl, who acted as his stenographer and general bookkeeper, and whose name was Lettie Lind.

Will Fox was a mighty good looking young fellow, something over eighteen years of age, and as smartly dressed, without affecting the dude, as any man in Wall Street. He believed in dressing well, even if he had to economize in other directions. He regarded it as an asset in his business. That a boy with a slovenly appearance creates a disbelief in himself and in the minds of

other people. And he was right, for appearance goes a long way nowadays in helping a man or boy. Two weeks before the opening of our story will Fox made his appearance in Wall Street, hired room 555, furnished it up to suit his ideas of the business he was about to engage in, advertised for and secured a stenographer, who was able to do such bookkeeping as he required, and opened up without any flourish of trumpets. The sign he had painted on the glass half of his door read as follows: "Will Fox, Stocks and Bonds, Western mining shares a specialty. Office of the Blue Jeans M. & M. Co."

Although young, there was nothing boyish in his ways. He looked like a young man of business, and what he looked he was. Many of the tenants of the floor read his sign and wondered who the new tenant was. They wondered more when they discovered he was a boy. There was an air about him that gave the impression that he was not a New Yorker, and that impression was quite correct. He came from the West. That much he told his stenographer, and gave out in answer to pointed inquiry at his boarding-house up near 42nd Street and Broadway. What part of the West he did not give out, as he wasn't saying anything more about himself than he could help. At any rate, the mystery in which he enveloped himself made him an object of considerable interest to his fellow boarders. His good looks, fine clothes and well-bred air added to that interest, and he was much talked about, by the ladies in particular, because they had more time on their hands than the male boarders, and because they were more curious. Many clever devices were used to get Will Fox to talk about himself, but they did not work.

He had the knack of talking all around a subject and yet never touching on it. He could even evade a direct inquiry without giving any offence. Thus at the end of two weeks he was as much of a mystery as ever, though he made no secret of the fact that he was doing business as a broker in Wall Street. If he received any letters they didn't come to his boarding-house, which was a cause of much disappointment to the female contingent, who had private methods of inspecting the contents of envelopes that were above suspicion. As we have already remarked, Will Fox sat at his desk dictating to Miss Lind.

"I think that is all, Miss Lind," he said. "Make as many manifold copies as you think will be required and file the original."

"Yes, Mr. Fox," she replied, rising and going to her own desk, while Will picked up a mining newspaper, which had come to him through the mail, and began to read it.

He blue penciled a number of paragraphs and two or three long articles, and then tossing the paper on Miss Lind's desk, took up a second Western paper and began to look that over. Whatever he marked in the papers that he laid on top of the young lady's desk Miss Lind subsequently cut out and pasted into different parts of a scrap-book, and indexed them in front. In another scrap-book it was part of her duty to insert the daily stock report of the Goldfield market and nothing else; while in the third she pasted the news about the various Western mines which came to Will in the shape of a daily circular from a well-known Goldfield brokerage firm, carefully

indexing the same, so that her young employer could at any time refer to the reported condition and developments of any particular mine. Miss Lind also had matters to attend to in connection with the Blue Jeans mine, and she could be relied upon to do her work, no matter what it was, with accuracy and dispatch. Will was quite satisfied that he couldn't have got a better assistant if one had been made to his order expressly.

And Lettie Lind was also convinced that there couldn't be a nicer boss in all Wall Street than Will Fox, and what she wasn't willing to do for him is hardly worth mentioning. Miss Lind's fingers were flying over the keys of her typewriter when the door opened and admitted a well-dressed gentleman in a frock coat and silk hat.

"Mr. Fox, I believe?" said the visitor, advancing to Will's desk.

"Yes, sir; take a seat."

"Thank you. My name is Eugene Stimson. I'm a broker."

"Pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Stimson."

"You are a newcomer to Wall Street, Mr. Fox?"

"Yes, sir."

"From Philadelphia, perhaps?" said Stimson.

"No, sir."

"Boston or Chicago, then?"

"Neither."

"Kansas City, maybe?"

Will shook his head.

"Am I right in supposing that you hail from San Francisco?"

"No, sir."

"Then I give it up. Where are you from?"

"That is a bit of information I haven't given out as yet, as it can concern nobody but myself," replied Will, pleasantly.

"Well, you came from somewhere, you'll admit that," said Stimson.

"Yes, sir; we all come from somewhere. You, I judge, are a New Yorker?"

"You've hit it at the first guess. What is this Blue Jeans mine that you represent?"

"A prospect of great promise, located in the Bullfrog district."

"Ah! I'll bet you've come from Nevada—Goldfield, very likely. Have I hit it at last?"

"So you think I've come from Nevada because I represent a Bullfrog mine?"

"Not necessarily, but because Goldfield is a likely place for you to hail from since you deny having come from the other places I've mentioned."

"Why, even including Goldfield, you've only mentioned six places, while there are hundreds of cities and towns throughout the country—any one of which might have been my roosting place before I came here."

"Well, I don't see any reason for you to make a mystery of the matter."

"I am not trying to make a mystery of anything connected with myself. I am merely following one of my cast-iron regulations—to keep my own affairs to myself."

His reply did not seem to please Stimson, but the visitor had no right to insist on being taken into the young broker's confidence, so he dropped the matter and made some casual inquiries con-

cerning the Blue Jeans mine, all of which Will Fox answered with the utmost frankness.

"In addition to forwarding the interests of this mine in the East you intend to try and build up a general brokerage business, I should judge by your advertisement in the Argus," said Stimson.

"Yes, sir."

"As you are not a member of the Stock Exchange you will occasionally require the services of a member to buy stock for you on the floor. If you have not already made arrangements with some member I shall be pleased to offer my services, and will divide commissions with you."

"Thank you, sir. I may have occasion to avail myself of your offer," said Will.

"Here is my card. Drop in any time. I will be glad to see you," said Stimson, getting up. "Perhaps I can put something in your way—a tip on the course of the market, for instance."

Will bowed, said he'd call some time, and then the foxy broker took his leave, rather disappointed at the small amount of information that he had picked up about the new broker.

CHAPTER II.—Mr. Adam Shuttleworth.

In addition to his advertisement in the Wall Street Argus, which circulated chiefly in the financial district, Will Fox had a similar one on the Evening Lamppost, which was read by a large number of people doing business in Wall Street, and by others who occasionally had business relations with the money center. He inserted a third advertisement in a morning luminary that professed to reflect the daily doings of Wall Street with great accuracy. These three advertisements he kept standing, and to them added a fourth advertisement in a weekly that was taken by all brokers, and others whose business needs required them to keep abreast of the financial situation at all times. They attracted attention even in the midst of a score of similar business announcements because of the peculiarity of the addition of "of Wall Street" after Will's name. The brokers who saw the boy broker's advertisement jumped to the conclusion that the newcomer in Wall Street was eccentric.

They had not yet found out that he was a boy, though some of the tenants of the building circulated that fact by degrees. Broker Stimson might have been expected to spread the news, too, but he didn't. Although in the next day or two he spoke to a score or two of traders, he never once mentioned Will Fox's name. Nevertheless, the fact that a boy broker had started up in Wall Street gradually became known, but the circumstance did not particularly interest the general run of traders. Hundreds of other people saw Will's card, in one publication or another, and some of them cut it out and placed it in their pocketbook for future reference. A great many of out-of-town people interested in Wall Street saw it, and many of them wrote for his market letter, and it was duly mailed to them for a certain time, together with a circular specially relating to the Blue Jeans mine, calling their attention to the advantage that might be gained by investing in 1,000 or more shares at the present

low market price of ten cents a share. The stock could be purchased for cash, or on time at a slight advance.

Other circulars, giving information about the developments of various well-known mines at Goldfield, Bullfrog and Tonopah, followed with other market letters. These often brought inquiries to Will, and in some cases money orders to pay for shares of Blue Jeans or some other mining proposition. He also received orders to buy small amounts of railroad stocks on margin. Putting all these receipts together they didn't foot up enough to pay his rent, not speaking of his other running expenses, \$10 of which went to Lettie Lind every Saturday. Anybody knows that it takes time to build up a business, and if you are a total stranger in the town, with no influential connections to give you a friendly boost, the job is naturally harder, and for some time the balance is on the wrong side of the ledger. Whether Will had sufficient capital at his back to stand the strain nobody knew but himself, for contrary to usual procedure, it was not marked down on his books, though the entry was there minus the figures. Miss Lind didn't worry about the matter.

She was satisfied that her employer knew his own business. A few days after the visit of Stimson, Lettie had evidence that Will Fox was worth \$5,000 at any rate, for he handed her a memorandum to enter in the books of a marginal deal that involved the purchase of 500 shares of D. & L. at 80, on his own account. Three days afterward he handed her a statement from a broker named Watson, showing that the deal had been closed at a profit of \$1,500 to him over all expenses. He asked her to make out a statement of his receipts and expenses to date, all of which were entered on his books; and when she submitted it to him he went over it and then told her to enter the amount of his capital as \$5,500. At the same time he handed her \$6,500 to put in the safe, the combination of which he intrusted to her for the first time. Lettie had a key to the office, for she usually got down half an hour before Will, and the first thing she did was to gather up the letters and papers left by the carrier on his first round.

These she placed on Will's desk, and if she had no business left over to attend to she read the morning paper till he appeared and provided her with work. Most working girls would have said she had something of a cinch, which was true enough as jobs go, but it was not a cinch that was going to last, for as business increased she would have enough to do to employ all her time. A day or two after Will's first successful Wall Street deal he went into another. This time he bought 500 shares of A. & C. on margin at 91, taking \$5,000 from the safe and handing Lettie a memorandum. Later on while Will was occupied at his desk the door opened and an elderly man entered. He stood and gaped at Lettie, who was making the keys of her machine fly. Will looked up.

"How do you do, sir?" he said.

"How do you do?" said the visitor, coming forward slowly. "I called to see Mr. Will Fox, of Wall Street. This is his office, I believe?"

"Yes, sir. I am Will Fox. Take a seat and let me know how I can serve you."

The caller looked at the boy broker, took his glasses off and polished them with his handkerchief, a large one of the yellow bandana variety, put them back carefully on his nose and looked at the boy again.

"Bless my heart!" he said, as he sat down. "How young you look."

"Yes, sir," replied Will, somewhat amused at the man's actions; "but one can't always look young, so I mean to make my youth last as long as possible."

"Of course, of course. It's a long time since I looked as young as you; ah, yes, a long time," and he sighed; "but I'm not an old man yet—oh, dear, no. I'm quite spry for my years—I was fifty-nine on my last birthday."

"You look hale and hearty for your years, sir."

"Do I? I am glad to hear you say so," said the visitor in a gratified tone. "I assure you that I do not feel at all old. So you are Will Fox, of Wall Street?"

"Yes, sir; and you are——"

"Bless me, how remiss I am. I forget to introduce myself. My name is Shuttleworth—Adam Shuttleworth."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Shuttleworth. Your business is——"

"I'll explain that in a moment. I am not the principal in this little matter. I represent Mr. Noel Morse, of Grimwood Manor, Long Island. You may have heard of him."

"No, sir; I do not recall that I have."

"Fine old gentleman, Mr. Fox, of Wall Street. Ah, he's one of the Old Guard—the Old Guard. They are passing away by degrees, and soon there will be none of them left."

Mr. Shuttleworth spoke sorrowfully, as though the passing of the Old Guard, whatever that was, was a great misfortune to the world indeed.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but this Old Guard, is it some military organization, may I ask?" said Will, who remembered that one of the boarders at the house where he lived had spoken about a certain Old Guard ball that was about to be given in one of the large halls of the city.

"Oh, dear, no. By Old Guard I mean that Mr. Morse is one of the old regime—the generation that has outlived its days of usefulness—not but Mr. Morse is still able to do business, though he is over eighty-seven. Oh, yes, he is able to do business, for his eyes are as bright and his brain as clear as men far younger; but physically he is not equal to the strain of undertaking even a short journey, and so he has sent me to attend to his business. I am his companion and secretary, and it is my duty to fly at his bidding."

Will smiled and nodded.

"I expected that Mr. Fox, of Wall Street, would be a middleaged gentleman, something on a par with myself; but I see that it is the young men who rule the world now. It wasn't so when I was young. Boys did not graduate so soon into business, but the world is progressing, and things have greatly changed in the last thirty years, and are changing all the time."

He sighed again as if the change in the way of the world did not meet with his approval. He was a long time in getting to the object of his visit, but as Will had nothing particular on hand to engage his time, he let him proceed in his own

way. The young broker concluded that constant association with his old employer had made him somewhat odd and garrulous himself. Mr. Shuttleworth looked out of the window with a reminiscent stare, and then his attention was attracted by the busy clicking of the typewriter.

"Bless me!" he ejaculated. "How quick that young lady works that machine."

"Yes, sir, she is quite expert at it," said Will, with a smile.

The visitor watched Lettie for some moments as if lost in astonishment at the nimbleness of her fingers, then he suddenly remembered that he had come to the office to attend to business for Noel Morse.

"Now, Mr. Fox, of Wall Street, Mr. Morse has instructed me to bring you these bonds of the Burgess Manufacturing Company of Eastport, Long Island, so that you may sell them for his account," said Shuttleworth, taking a package out of his pocket and laying it on Will's desk. "Before putting them on the market he offered them to the officers and several of the stockholders of the company who live in Eastport. He was not obliged to do that, but he believed it to be his duty out of courtesy to the gentlemen, some of whom were in the board of management while he was president."

"I understand," nodded Will.

"I presume you are familiar with the company—it manufactures very high grade seamless socks for men and women, and other kinds of knit goods," said Shuttleworth.

Will was not familiar with the company, but he didn't think it necessary to say so.

He did know, however, that it was an industrial company whose securities were well thought of in Wall Street, and were rated as gilt-edge. The company's stock was always quoted around par, and the five percent. First Mortgage bonds were at a premium.

"Mr. Morse disposed of a few of the bonds in Eastport, and the rest are in that package. My employer feels that he has not long to live, and as a much esteemed nephew has asked him for a loan, he is taking this means of raising the money for him," said Shuttleworth.

Will opened the package and found ten \$1,000 First Mortgage bonds of the Burgess Manufacturing Company, worth on the market about \$10,500.

"You wish me to sell these for Mr. Morse's account, Mr. Shuttleworth?" he said.

"Yes. Here is Mr. Morse's order, in my handwriting, but signed by him," and Mr. Shuttleworth produced a sheet of half-note folded from his pocketbook.

"All right," said the boy broker. "Here is a pen. Kindly sign your name in the lower corner."

Mr. Shuttleworth took off his glasses, polished them up again, restored them on his nose, and then signed his name. How long do you think it will take you to sell them, Mr. Fox, of Wall Street?"

The constant repetition of the words "of Wall Street" made Will smile. He thought it very singular that Mr. Shuttleworth should use them. Had the gentleman been younger and less pecu-

liar in his manner, Will would have suspected he was making game of him.

"From what I know of the securities of the Burgess Mfg. Co., I think I shall have little trouble in selling these bonds at once," he replied.

"And when shall I call for the money?"

"To-morrow between three and four."

"I will try to be here then. Should I fail to call, could you send the money by a responsible messenger to the house where I am stopping in West Forty-fifth street?"

"I will bring the money up there myself, if you fail to call, say between seven and eight, as I live only a few blocks away. Kindly write the address under your name on the order," said Will.

Shuttleworth did so, and then rose and readjusted the comforter he wore about his neck, like elderly gentlemen of years gone by.

"I am very glad to have met you, Mr. Fox, of Wall Street," he said, holding out his hand. "I can see that you are smarter and brighter looking than most young men of my day, and therefore I no longer wonder that you are a prosperous broker."

"I am very glad to have met you, too, Mr. Shuttleworth, and I hope to do more business for Mr. Morse, through you. If not, perhaps you will be kind enough to ask Mr. Morse to recommend me to his friends. Here are some of my cards."

"I will tell Mr. Morse, and I am sure he will be glad to put business in your way. Gentlemen of the Old Guard, like him, are never tired of advancing the interests of those they do business with. Good-afternoon."

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Shuttleworth. I beg your pardon, but you are forgetting your umbrella," said Will.

"Bless my soul, how remiss of me! Thank you for reminding me. I really don't believe I need it, but I'm so in the habit of carrying it that—you understand me."

Will smiled and opened the door for his visitor to pass out.

"Rather an odd gentleman, don't you think, Miss Lind?" said Will, as he reached for his hat.

"Quite so. He addressed you as if your full name was Mr. Fox of Wall Street," replied the fair girl with a smile.

"I'm afraid his mind is a little slow for a man of his age," said Will, placing the package of bonds in his pocket and then telling Lettie that he was going out on business.

CHAPTER III.—The Tell-Tale Card.

Will found no difficulty in disposing of the ten Burgess Mfg. Co. bonds at the market price.

"You have Mr. Morse's order authorizing you to sell these bonds, I suppose?" said Broker Tucker, whom he applied to.

"Yes, sir, here it is," and he explained how the bonds and the order were brought to him by the owner's companion and secretary, Adam Shuttleworth. "Evidently Mr. Morse saw my advt. in one of the papers, for Shuttleworth constantly addressed me as Mr. Fox of Wall Street. It was

rather amusing, but he couldn't help it apparently. He seems to be rather behind the times, and his association with Mr. Morse keeps him in the rut."

"I dare say it's all right. Sign this order and I'll attend to the matter," said Watson.

Will did so and went away.

As Mr. Watson was a careful man, he called up the office of the Burgess Mfg. Co., at Eastport, on the long-distance wire and stated that Mr. Morse, of Grimwood Manor, had sent ten of the First Mortgage bonds of the company to Broker Will Fox by a gentleman named Shuttleworth, who represented himself as his secretary. He asked the secretary's assistant, who was on the wire, if he knew of any reason why the sale shouldn't be considered bonafide. The young man knew of no reason why it wasn't, particularly if the broker had Mr. Morse's written order to dispose of them. He knew that the old gentleman sometimes sent securities that he owned to New York by Mr. Shuttleworth to be sold. That satisfied Watson, who went out and sold them for Will. When Will got back to his office, Lettie came over to his desk and handed him a business card of a Tenderloin corner saloon, stating that she had found it on the floor beside the chair on which Mr. Shuttleworth had been sitting.

"There is some writing on the back of it, but I did not read it," she said.

Will looked at the writing, and this is what he read:

"Friend Bill: Try the boy broker whose advt. I enclose. He ought to be easy. The bonds are worth a premium of \$50 on each. S. has come to his senses. He is safe on the top floor. Jackson agrees to keep him three days so as to give us the chance to realize and skip. I'll meet you at nine to-night at the Criterion Billiard Parlors to learn how you have come out. Yours, Jim."

Will read the writing over twice, then laid the card on his desk. Its contents were strangely significant and his suspicions were aroused.

"Try the boy broker whose advt. I enclose," mused Will. "There is only one boy broker in Wall Street I know of, and that's myself. 'The bonds are worth a premium of \$50 on each.' That's exactly the premium on those bonds Mr. Shuttleworth left with me to sell. 'S. has come to his senses.' Who is meant by S.? I don't like the looks of this thing. Miss Lind."

"Yes, sir," said the stenographer, coming over.

"Point out the spot where you found this card," said Will.

The girl did so.

"I think Mr. Shuttleworth was the only visitor I've had to-day."

"He was the only one. I think he must have dropped that card out of his pocket. I am sure it wasn't there when I came over to take dictation just before he called. At any rate, I know it wasn't there this morning when I came here," said the young lady, positively.

"That is all," said Will.

He sat back in his chair and thought the matter over.

"Why should Mr. Shuttleworth have that card, with its suspicious message, about him?" he

breathed. "That is, unless there is something crooked about this Shuttleworth himself? The writing is addressed to 'Friend Bill,' and Shuttleworth gave his first name as Adam. A man named Jackson has agreed to keep a party by the name of S., who the writer says has just come to his senses, and is safe on the top floor of some house, three days, so as to give the party Bill and the writer Jim a chance to realize and skip. Realize on what? And skip—that's decidedly suspicious."

The inference to be deducted from the brief note was that the party by the name of S. had been robbed of some bonds worth a premium of \$50 on each, and was being kept a prisoner in some house until Bill and Jim, evidently the thieves, had had time to sell the bonds and skip out with the proceeds. A little more thinking developed the conviction in Will's mind that the man who had brought him the ten bonds of the Burgess Mfg. Co. was Bill, and that S., the man who had been robbed, was the real Shuttleworth. Jim had evidently been down in Wall Street figuring on the broker who should be applied to to sell the bonds, and having learned that there was a boy broker in the Street named Will Fox, had cut his advt. out of a paper and sent it to Bill with the suggestion that he call on him, as he ought to be easy. Will called up Watson on the 'phone. The broker was in and answered him.

"Have you sold those Burgess Mfg. Co. bonds, Mr. Watson?" he asked.

"Yes. I'll send you my check for the amount now if you are in a hurry for it."

"I don't want it. I'm afraid there's something crooked about the matter," said Will.

"Something crooked! What makes you think so?" asked Watson in surprise.

"I'll come right over and explain."

"Do so. I'll wait for you."

Will put on his hat and went down to Watson's office.

"Well, what's the trouble about those bonds?" asked Watson when he arrived. "I telephoned the company's office to learn if the secretary knew of any reason why the offer of those bonds for sale should not be regarded as bonafide, and the young man who answered me said that if Mr. Morse's order had been presented with the bonds it must be all right, so I went ahead and sold them."

"Well, read that card," said Will, handing him the pasteboard that Lettie found beside the chair in which the alleged Shuttleworth had been seated during his visit. Watson read it and was somewhat puzzled.

"What has this to do with those bonds?" he asked.

"It was dropped in my office by the man who left the bonds with me to sell," replied Will.

"It was, eh?"

"Yes. And it has given me the idea that my visitor was not Shuttleworth at all, but Bill. I believe that the true Shuttleworth brought the bonds to this city to sell for Mr. Morse; that in some way he got into the clutches of Bill and Jim, the writer of the note, and that they robbed him of the bonds, after drugging him, and are having him detained as a prisoner in the top floor of some house of which Jackson is the ten-

ant until they get the value of the securities and skip with the money."

"By George! You may be right," exclaimed Watson.

"I am strongly of the opinion that I am right."

"What are you going to do about it? Call on the police and see what they think about it?"

"No. Did you notice that the last line on the card says that the writer will meet Bill to-night at the Criterion Billiard Parlors? I knew where the place is, and I intend to be on hand there myself and see if Bill and the man who called at my office are one and the same. If they are, that will leave no doubt in my mind that my deductions are correct, and I will put the police on the case and hold back the money realized from the sale of the bonds so that the owner of the securities may not lose his property."

"Not a bad idea; but if Bill turns out to be the man who left the bonds with you, he will probably recognize you," said the broker.

"I will try and not let him see me. I will be on the watch for him, not he for me. That makes all the difference in the world," said Will.

"That's so. Well, I wish you luck. It was fortunate the rascal dropped that card. It will probably result in the capture of both the thieves."

"I hope so," said Will, who then returned to his office.

That evening at a quarter before nine Will entered the Criterion Billiard Parlors, took a seat and looked around the place, which was fairly well filled with young men playing pool and billiards at a dozen or more tables. He had sharp eyes, and after a careful survey of the room he was satisfied that the man who had called at his office was not there. He didn't know the other man, so it was impossible for him to pick that rascal out if he was there. He now kept a careful watch on the entrance and noted the looks of every one who entered. Among the rest was a full-bearded, short, chunky man who took a seat near the door and also seemed interested in those who arrived. Will noticed him and suspected that he was "Jim," waiting for "Bill."

Nine o'clock came and Will became more on the alert. Fifteen minutes passed and then a tall, well-built man, in a tweed suit, with a beard, came in. He stood and looked around. The short, chunky man went up to him:

"I'll bet that's Bill," said Will, though he looks a whole lot different from the man who called on me. Still, they are both of the same size, and that beard would disguise his face. He was acting a part at my office, now his actions are natural. I will keep my eye on those two."

The men conversed a few minutes, then the short one led his companion over to a row of curtained boxes at the back of the room, each of which was supplied with a small table and a couple of chairs.

None of the boxes were occupied at that moment, and the curtains were up.

"They're going into one of those stalls to talk," thought Will. "I'd like to hear what they are going to talk about, though, if they are the chaps, I can guess."

The men took possession of the end box on the right, and the short man let down the cur-

tains and turned on the electric light. Will resolved to enter the next box to them and see if he could get a line on their talk. As he approached the box a waiter went into the corner one to take an order for drinks. Will stepped into the adjoining box, but left the curtains as they were.

Thus he had a full survey of the billiard-room, and any one who noticed him there would suppose he was waiting for a friend. He heard the two men order drinks, and then the waiter went away without observing him. Will leaned his head against the thin partition, and congratulated himself when the men's voices reached him quite clearly.

CHAPTER IV.—Will Visits Jackson's.

"So you arranged with the boy broker to sell the bonds?" said the man, who Will knew must be Jim.

"Yes; I pulled the wool very nicely over his eyes. I wouldn't make a bad actor, I guess, for I gave him a first-class imitation of Shuttleworth, though I guess it was a bit exaggerated. He has a mighty pretty skirt working for him. She can work the typewriter like a house afire."

"Never mind the girl. When are you going to get the money?"

"He will have it for me to-morrow."

"Good."

"If I don't call he has promised to bring it to me."

"Bring it to you! Where did you arrange to meet him?"

"At our lodging house."

"Why did you give him that address? Don't you know it's risky?"

"Oh, we'll have our grips packed ready to leave for the next train right after he hands over the stuff."

"But what is to prevent you going to his office?"

"Nothing that I know of at present, but something might happen to prevent me, and so I wanted to make sure of getting the dough without losing time."

"Well, I suppose it will be all right, but I think it would have been better not to have given him that address. Why didn't you have him meet you at some public place—a saloon, for instance?"

"Now that would look nice, wouldn't it, for a man like Shuttleworth to arrange a meeting at a saloon? It would be just the thing to arouse suspicion."

"I didn't think of that."

"Well, I did. When you're acting a character, always be consistent."

"What is the boy going to charge for selling the bonds?"

Bill mentioned the small commission.

"That is all. Hush, now; here is the waiter with the drinks."

Will heard the waiter enter the next box and set the glasses on the table.

Then he heard the ring of silver coin, and presently the waiter went away.

"Here's looking at you, Jim," said Bill.

"Same to you," said Jim, and the men drank.

"This is the easiest job we've ever done," said Jim, setting down his glass.

"Yes, it was easy. How is Shuttleworth coming on?"

"The old fellow is greatly mystified over his imprisonment. He asked Jackson what it all meant."

"And what did Jackson tell him?"

"He told him that he was knocked down in the street by a cab, and that he was brought there to be attended to. Jackson told him that the house is a private hospital."

"How does Jackson satisfy him as to the cause of his detention when there is nothing the matter with him?"

"Jackson told him that he's injured internally, and must rest for a day or two."

"He must have missed his package of bonds."

"He has; but Jackson told him not to worry about that. That somebody doubtless picked them up in the street after the alleged accident and turned them over to the police."

"Was he satisfied with that explanation?"

"He had to be. He wrote out a telegram to be sent to Morse. Jackson took it, promised to see that it went, but didn't send it, of course."

"When the truth comes out after Shuttleworth is let go, how is Jackson going to square himself with the police?"

"He'll take the \$1,000 we have promised him and go in hiding somewhere for a while."

"You didn't tell him where we are bound for, did you?"

"No. What do you take me for?"

"Then he won't be able to tell any tales on us if he should happen to get pinched."

"Oh, Jackson is all right. He'd never split on a pal."

"I think you'd better go over to Jackson's and see if everything is going all right, and then meet me at Casey's, on Sixth avenue," said Bill.

"Don't worry about Shuttleworth. He's safe enough," said Jim.

"When were you there last?"

"About two o'clock."

"Well, you go there and tell Jackson to call at our lodging-house at half-past eight to-morrow evening to get the money we promised him. Tell him to be prompt, as we will have no time to wait for him."

"He'll be on hand sharp enough. That \$1,000 has great attractions for him."

"Come on, then. We'll have another drink at the bar," said Bill.

Will heard them shove their chairs back, and for fear they might look into the box, he got out hastily and entered the third one, where he waited till he saw them saunter over to the bar. Then he left the box and walked out of the establishment, taking up his position in a doorway near the street entrance to wait for the men to reach the sidewalk. They came out presently and walked over to Sixth avenue. Will followed them. They stopped to talk for a few minutes on the corner, then Bill walked down the avenue and Jim went up to Thirty-second street and turned toward the river. Will shadowed him to Seventh avenue, and up that thoroughfare to a three-story frame building, on the ground floor of which was a second-hand furniture store. Jim

walked into a narrow side entrance through a door that was not locked.

"This must be Jackson's place," thought Will, "where Shuttleworth is a prisoner on the top floor. Shall I go to the nearest police station or try and rescue the gentleman myself?"

The former course was the safest and more certain, but Will liked nothing better than an adventure, and so decided to go it alone. He opened the door and looked in. A gas-jet without a globe was burning in the center of the entry which led straight to a yard in the rear, with a flight of uncarpeted stairs near the door going to the second floor. Will ascended the stairs. Another gas-jet burned on the landing. A sign on the wall called attention to the fact that the front room or rooms was occupied by "L. Jacobs, Tailor."

Whether Jacobs rented the whole floor and used the back rooms for living apartments Will could not say. He ventured to try the front room door and opened it. A man was pressing a pair of trousers at a table.

"Do you know if a man named Jackson lives in this house?" asked Will.

"Top floor," said the tailor, going on with his work.

Will ascended the next flight and saw a light streaming under one of the doors. Applying his eye to the keyhole, he saw Jim and a man with a mustache seated at a table with a whisky bottle and two glasses before them. He tried to hear what they said, but was not very successful. He tried each of the other two doors carefully, but they were locked. The key-holes revealed nothing, for the rooms were in darkness. Further investigation showed a ladder leading to a scuttle on the roof. After considering the situation, Will judged he would have to call on the police, as he didn't see that he could do anything. He took another look through the key-hole of the lighted room. The men were standing up and Jim appeared to be on the point of taking his departure. Will concluded he had better go. Before he could reach the stairs the door opened and the two men came out, leaving the door ajar, and Will had only time to sneak behind the ladder to escape discovery.

"Come as far as the street door, I've got a few words to say, and I'm in a hurry to meet Bill," said Jim.

"Can't you say it here? Sam is away, and I'd rather not leave the floor," said Jackson.

"What difference does it make? You've got the prisoner locked in the front room, so he's safe enough."

"I'll go down to the next landing, but no further."

"Well, come on. I was going to take you to the corner and blow you to a cocktail. You could lock up."

"I'm not pining for a cocktail," said Jackson, as they went down the stairs.

Will saw his chance to enter the apartments occupied by Jackson, and he lost no time in doing so. Jackson was the only person he had to contend with, and he wasn't afraid of him. He slipped inside the door and found himself in the kitchen and eating-room combined. An open doorway led into a bedroom lighted by a skylight. Passing

through that, Will found the next door locked. The key was in the door, so he turned it and walked in. He struck a match and looked around. This was another bedroom, also lighted by a skylight. On the bed lay an elderly man, fully dressed, asleep. Will was satisfied that this was the old secretary. He saw that the door of the front room was open. There was no time to be lost, so the boy broker seized the sleeper by the arm and shook him into wakefulness.

"Eh? What do you want?" asked the man, as Will dropped the expiring match.

"Your name is Shuttleworth, isn't it?" said Will.

"Yes, yes, that is my name."

"You're a prisoner in this place—I suppose you're aware of that?"

"A prisoner! Dear me, I don't know. This is a private hospital, where I was brought after the accident that happened to me."

"Private nonsense!" cried Will. "You met with no accident. You were drugged and robbed of a package of Burgess Mfg. Co. bonds that you brought to the city to sell down in Wall Street."

"Drugged and robbed! My gracious!" fluttered the elderly man, staring at the speaker through the darkness.

"I've come here to save you and take you away. There is not a moment to be lost."

"You have come to save me! Who are you? You seem to be a boy."

"I am a boy—a young Wall Street broker. My name is Will Fox. Come, now, or we shall be stopped by the rascal who has charge of you."

Will grabbed him by the arm and pulled him out through the door into the next room, and through that to the lighted living-room. Shuttleworth accompanied him in a state of dazed bewilderment. Will saw that he looked something like the man who had called upon him at his office, only he wore no glasses and looked older. Still holding him by the arm, he led Shuttleworth to the door opening on the landing. Seizing the knob, he pulled it open and—came face to face with Jackson, who was returning.

CHAPTER V.—The Story Told by Shuttleworth.

Jackson uttered an imprecation as he started back in some consternation. Will was taken aback, too, by the encounter, though he might have expected something of the kind. The boy broker was not thrown off his balance, however, by the encounter. He gave Jackson a shove that pushed him back, and drew Shuttleworth out of the room. The man uttered another imprecation and blocked their further progress.

"Who in creation are you?" roared Jackson.

"I'm a detective, if you want to know," replied Will, putting up a bluff. "Are you Jackson?"

"None of your business who I am. What are you doing here?"

"Taking this prisoner of yours away."

"If you take him away you'll be a better chap than me," said the rascal, taking courage from the fact that the intruder was only a boy.

"Well, I'm going to take him just the same. Stand out of the way."

Jackson made a grab for the boy broker. Will let go of Shuttleworth's arm, dodged the man's grasp and swung him a clip on the jaw. Jackson wasn't looking for anything of that kind, and it staggered him. Will believed in following up an advantage. He did so in this case by thumping Jackson in the region of the belt. Jackson doubled up with a subdued howl, and as his head came forward Will handed him a second wallop on the jaw. Shuttleworth could easily have made his own escape while the scrimmage was in progress, but he seemed to be incapable of making a move.

Jackson staggered around like a half-drunken person. Will's blows had made him groggy. The boy saw he had the rascal on the run, and he smashed him on the chin as hard as he could. The blow floored Jackson and put him out altogether. Will seized him by the arms, dragged him into the room, reversed the key in the door, and locked the man inside, taking the key out and putting it in his pocket. Then he took Shuttleworth by the arm and led him down to the sidewalk. The elderly gentleman went along like an obedient child. He still seemed to only partially understand the situation.

"Now, Mr. Shuttleworth, I am going to take you to the police station to make a charge against the men who have treated you so shamefully," said Will.

"I—I really don't quite comprehend just what you mean," said Shuttleworth, helplessly.

Will looked at him and saw he really meant what he said. It was clear that he was in the dark as to the scheme of which he had been the victim, though his mind seemed to grasp the fact that something was wrong. The young broker saw that he would have to supply the missing links in order to convince Shuttleworth of the true state of affairs. He also wanted to learn the gentleman's story.

"Your name is Adam Shuttleworth, isn't it?" he said, as they walked along.

"Yes, yes; that's my name."

"You have business relations with Noel Morse, of Grimwood Grange, Long Island."

"I am his companion and secretary, and I live at the Grange," replied the gentleman.

"Mr. Morse sent you to New York to sell ten \$1,000 bonds of the Burgess Mfg. Co., didn't he?"

"Yes, yes."

"Have you still got those bonds in your possession?"

"No. I must have dropped the package in the street when I was struck by the cab, and I hope whoever picked them up has handed them to the police."

"Do you distinctly remember being struck by a cab?"

"No, I do not. That is what has been puzzling me. I don't remember the circumstances at all. It seems strange to me that I should not recall a single thing about it; but the man you had the fight with in that house, which I understood was a private hospital, told me that my head was struck by the right shaft of the vehicle, and that accounted for my loss of memory."

"Well, he told you a lie. You were not hit by a cab at all, and you have not been in a private hospital. I should think you would have seen through the latter fact, at any rate, when you

found yourself a prisoner in two rooms on the top floor of a house."

"I thought it strange, but——"

"Well, never mind that. What do you remember last before waking up and finding yourself in the house from which I have just taken you?"

Shuttleworth put his hand to his brow as if striving to collect his thoughts.

"The last thing I recall is sitting in a room with two men I met on the train."

"You would know those men if you saw them again, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, yes, I would know them. One was a tall, well-built man, and the other was shorter and stouter."

The description fitted Bill and Jim exactly as far as it went.

"Did they wear beards?"

"No, they had smooth faces."

"You got acquainted with them on the train that brought you to New York, or, rather, to Brooklyn?"

"Yes, yes."

"They introduced themselves, I suppose?"

"Why, yes. They got on at Derby Junction. The car was pretty full, so one took the vacant seat beside me and the other sat just behind with another man."

"The man who sat beside you got talking with you?"

"Yes, that's it, and then he introduced his friend."

"You must have got very friendly with them."

"I did, for they were very sociable, and asked my opinion on many subjects."

"They asked you what was taking you to New York?"

"Yes, yes; and I told them."

"That your mission was to sell the bonds?"

"Yes, of course."

"That was foolish on your part to be so frank with strangers."

"Maybe so, maybe so; but they seemed to be very nice men."

"I dare say," replied Will, dryly. "When the train reached Brooklyn these men accompanied you out of the depot?"

"They did," nodded Shuttleworth.

"Did they invite you into a saloon to take a drink?"

"They took me into a room off the street—a small room, but it was not a bar-room, though we had a drink there. I didn't care to join them, as I really don't drink, but they insisted that I would have a sarsaparilla at any rate, and rather than offend them——"

"You took it."

"Yes."

"And then——"

"That is all I remembered until——"

"You found yourself in that house?"

Shuttleworth nodded.

"The case is now quite clear to me, sir. The sarsaparilla was drugged."

"My gracious! How do you——"

"And you became unconscious," went on Will. "In that state you were conveyed in a cab across the bridge, and uptown to that house. While in the cab you were robbed of the package of bonds."

As it would take a day or two to sell the bonds it was necessary that you should be detained until the thieves got the money for the securities. Then they intended to leave for parts unknown, and you would be allowed to go where you chose. That scheme isn't a new one."

"I'm afraid you are right. But how did you learn all these things?"

"Why, I have just learned enough from you to show me how the game was worked."

"Bless me, yes; but how did you know I was drugged and brought to that house in a cab, and robbed of the bonds?"

"I figured it out from the circumstances, the most important particular of which is the fact that your bonds were brought to my office for me to sell."

"Brought to your office?"

"Yes, I am a Wall Street broker. One of the men who robbed you came to my office to-day, passed himself off as you, and gave me an order in his own handwriting, to which was attached the alleged signature of Mr. Morse, doubtless the work of his confederate, authorizing the sale of the bonds. I had no reason at the time to suppose that the transaction was not bonafide, and so the bonds were sold."

"My goodness!"

"But the money has not yet been paid to the rascal, and there is no danger now that it will be, so Mr. Morse will not be out the value of those securities."

"Ah! you have the money that the bonds sold for?"

"I'll receive it to-morrow, some time."

"Good, good! What did you say your name was?"

"Will Fox."

"You look young to be in the brokerage business. Your office is——"

"In the Magnet Building, Room 555. Here is one of my cards."

"I will call on you to-morrow. I intended to visit Brooks & Brooks, but it does not matter now as long as you have sold the bonds and will have the money."

"Here is the station-house. You will tell your story to the officer on duty and then I'll tell mine."

They entered the station and Will handed the officer at the desk his business card.

"This gentleman, whose name is Adam Shuttleworth, has been the victim of a confidence game. He was drugged and robbed of ten industrial bonds worth in the market \$10,500. He will tell you his story," said Will.

The officer looked at Shuttleworth and told him to proceed. The elderly gentleman told his story substantially as Will had drawn it from him, with sundry additions that occurred to him since his mind had grown clearer. Will then told his story of the visit of the bogus Shuttleworth at his office and the disposal of the bonds. Then he described how the finding of the card with the writing on it aroused his suspicions that everything was not just right. He handed the card to the officer, to be used as evidence against the rascals if they were arrested. He then told how he had gone to the Criterion Billiard Parlors, had seen the men there, and listened to their conver-

sation. He had then followed the man Jim to the house on Seventh avenue, the number of which he gave, and he described how he had freed Shuttleworth and locked Jackson in his apartments.

"You had better send a policeman up there right away before he breaks out," said Will. "Here is the key of the rear room. It is quite possible, however, that he has the keys to the other doors and will be able to get out. It is probably only a chance that you will find him there. The other rascals may be found at Casey's saloon on Sixth avenue. If they're not there the only other place I can refer you to is their lodgings, the address of which the rascal who visited my office gave me. That's all. The case is up to you. I have done my share in preventing the crooks from realizing on the bonds, and in rescuing Mr. Shuttleworth."

The officer said he would send detectives out at once to capture the men. Will furnished their descriptions, saying that Jackson had a mustache, the others smooth faces, disguised by beards. He and Shuttleworth then left the station-house.

"I suppose you will go to a hotel for the night, Mr. Shuttleworth," said Will.

"Yes, yes. Let me thank you for what you have done for me. When I tell Mr. Morse he will make you some suitable acknowledgment."

Will went with him to a certain hotel on Broadway, and left him there with the understanding that he would call on him some time next day. Then the boy broker went to his lodgings well satisfied with the results of his evening's work.

CHAPTER VI.—Will Makes a Haul in A. & C.

Will eagerly looked the paper over next morning, and one of the first things he saw was the story of the robbery of Adam Shuttleworth, and the capture of Bill and Jim at Casey's saloon. As for Jackson, he had flown the coop before the officers reached his rooms on Seventh avenue. Bill and Jim were identified by the detectives as William Mullin and James Aitkin, two crooks whose pictures were in the rogues' gallery at Police Headquarters. Will Fox's name was in as the broker to whom Mullin had brought the bonds to sell for him, and whose suspicions being aroused by the finding in the office after the man's departure of one of Casey's business cards with a suspicious message on it, had done a little detective work which resulted in the rescue of the real Shuttleworth and the arrest of the two crooks. Every broker in Wall Street read the story on his way to business, or over his breakfast before he started for his office, and consequently the boy broker's name was on most every lip that forenoon in the Street. For the first time he really became an object of interest. Broker Stimson thought the boy's sudden prominence a sufficient excuse to warrant calling upon him a second time. Will was reading a Wall Street paper when the trader entered his office.

"Good-morning, Fox," said Stimson, in his most friendly manner.

"Good-morning, Mr. Stimson. Take a seat."

"I see you've got yourself into the papers," said the visitor.

"Yes; that's one of the penalties of doing something unusual," smiled Will.

"You have proved yourself a pretty smart boy."

"I didn't do anything more than the circumstances called for."

"Well, all the brokers are talking about you this morning."

"Are they?" laughed Will. "I hope they find me an interesting subject to discuss."

"They seem to. By preventing a crooked game from going through down here you have done the Street a service, not to speak of the service you have rendered the man who owned the bonds."

"I believe in doing my duty to the best of my ability."

"You could hardly have done anything better to introduce you to the favorable notice of Wall Street. Well, how is business with you?"

"I have no complaint to make."

"Doing any speculating on the side?"

"A little."

"If you want to get in on a good thing I can recommend A. & C.," said Stimson.

That was the stock in which Will had just invested. Stimson had heard, on good authority, that there was a syndicate at the back of it, and had gone into it himself as deep as he could. His object in giving Will a genuine pointer was to gain his confidence, and, incidentally, make him better worth a subsequent plucking. There was nothing slow about Stimson.

"How do you know it's a good thing, Mr. Stimson?" asked Will.

"I know it because I have received the information from a reliable source that a syndicate is interested in cornering and booming it," replied the broker. "Under those circumstances it will be a sure winner, and if you go into it you are sure to double your investment if you don't do even better."

"Then I suppose you are in it yourself?"

"I certainly am. I never let a good thing get by me."

"Well, I thank you for the tip. I may as well tell you that I have already gone into A. & C."

"Have you? How came you to do so? Did somebody else tip you off?"

"No. A. & C. is a good, reliable stock, and I simply thought I'd take a chance on it."

"Well, you didn't make any mistake. My advice to you is to hold on for a rise of ten to fifteen points, according as the market looks."

"I will certainly take a little longer risk on the strength of your pointer than I might have done without it."

"That's right," nodded Stimson. "You can rely on anything I tell you about the market; though, of course, you must understand that no man is infallible, for things happen in Wall Street that the most astute brain cannot always provide against," said Stimson, with great frankness.

The broker said this for a purpose. Will did not suspect that Stimson was a dangerous man to have for a friend, but he discovered that fact in time. The boy broker had a whole lot to learn, for he was new to Wall Street, where the game of chance bristled with many points not in the running elsewhere. But he knew what he was up against, in a general way, and for that reason

he felt it behooved him to be cautious in all his dealings. He had just had a lesson in the Shuttleworth bond incident, which, fortunately, had turned out in his favor. He was yet to learn many of the tricks and devices of the brokers who lived not only on the credulity of the "lambs," but on their ability to hoodwink a brother operator.

All brokers did not come under this imputation—for all brokers did not take chances in the market, but confined themselves to the legitimate business of buying and selling for their customers. That was the ultimate aim of Will, but until he had worked up a regular business he had to take some chances to keep the ball rolling. Stimson having said all he thought was necessary, took his departure. Broker Watson came in immediately afterward. He saw Stimson leave Will's office.

"Well, Fox, I have come to congratulate you on the success you have made of your efforts to run the bond crooks to earth. They are in jail, I see, thanks to you," he said, as he took a seat beside Will's desk.

This was his first visit to the boy trader's office, and he took in what he saw. He noted one fact, and that was that Will had a mighty pretty girl working for him, a fact that Stimson had not overlooked.

"Yes, sir," replied Will. "My visit to the Criterion Billiard Parlors panned out good results. I ran across both of the rascals there, overheard some of their conversation, and then followed the man Jim to the house where Mr. Shuttleworth was being held prisoner."

"You've done the community a service as well as yourself. I am ready to hand you my certified check for the price of the bonds. You can collect the money and pass it over to the real Shuttleworth. I dare say, Mr. Morse, when he shall have learned the particulars of the case, will feel under obligations to you. If he has more business of the kind he will doubtless throw it in your way; and thus you will have secured a customer. He will also be likely to speak favorably about you to his friends, and so there is no telling what ultimate advantage you may gain through this matter," said Watson.

"If I get one or two customers out of it I shall be well satisfied."

"It will be a good advertisement for you, anyway. It has brought you into the public eye as a smart young broker, and I wouldn't be surprised if it helped you to business that you wouldn't have otherwise got. By the way, I saw Broker Stimson leaving your office as I came along. Are you acquainted with him?"

"Somewhat. He came in here a few days ago and introduced himself."

"He did, eh? Well, I advise you to be cautious in having any business relations with him, as he is one of the foxiest traders in the Street. He is a man who is out for everything in sight. Hello!" exclaimed Watson, observing the pair of gigantic shears that hung in a frame over Will's desk. "Is that meant as a warning to any lamb who favors you with an order?"

Stimson had seen the shears, too—in fact, he would have been blind if he had not—but he

reasons of his own he had not commented on them.

"Oh, no," answered Will, with a smile. "Every business has its insignia, and that strikes me as being quite appropriate to Wall Street."

"I think it better adapted to Stimson's office than yours," said Watson.

"Isn't that hard on Mr. Stimson?" laughed Will.

"You won't think so after you know him better. Well, I must go now. There is that check. We are now square to date."

Watson got up and went away. Soon afterward Will went to Lettie to put in the safe and then started for the Tombs Police Court to appear against the bond crooks. A policeman had brought Adam Shuttleworth downtown, and Will found him in the court. When the rascals were brought to the bar they pleaded not guilty. Shuttleworth, who had fully recovered from his unpleasant experience, was put on the stand, and he recognized them as the two men who had introduced themselves to him on the Long Island train. Then he told his story of what the meeting had led to. Wild followed, and his testimony clinched the case against the prisoners, who were remanded to jail by the magistrate. Shuttleworth accompanied Will to his office and received the money for the bonds in large bills. The boy broker treated him to lunch, and he left for Grimwood Grange after assuring Will that he wouldn't forget what he owed him.

That afternoon A. & C. went up a couple of points, and on the following day two points more. Then it fluctuated up and down for several days, when it took a fresh grip and jumped to 99, eight points altogether above what Will had paid for it. That put him \$4,000 ahead on the deal. When Will reached his office on the following morning Lettie handed him a small express package. On opening it, he found a letter and a diamond incrustated horseshoe scarf-pin. The letter was from Noel Morse, in Shuttleworth's handwriting, and signed by the owner of Grimwood Grange. The old gentleman thanked Will for outwitting the men who had robbed his secretary of the Burgess Mfg. Co. bonds, and begged him to accept the horseshoe pin as a slight evidence of his appreciation.

In a postscript he invited the boy broker to spend a week at the Grange, if he could spare the time, and promised to give him a good time. Will dictated a reply, thanking him for his present, and also for his invitation. He said he could hardly come down to the Grange for a week, but he could come most any Saturday afternoon and stay till Monday morning. The letter was sent off, and three days afterward Will got a reply, inviting him down on the following Saturday. On the day he got this letter A. & C. boomed up to 110, and the board-room was the scene of considerable excitement. Will told Watson to sell his shares, as he didn't care to take any more chances on the stock, which he knew wouldn't hold its high price long. The stock was sold at once, and the boy broker cleared \$9,500 on the deal. This raised his business capital to \$16,000.

CHAPTER VII.—Grimwood Grange.

Will sent word to Noel Morse that he would come on Saturday, and grip in hand, he boarded

a Long Island train at one o'clock at the depot in Brooklyn, and was soon on his way. He had ascertained that it would take him between two and three hours to reach the station at Eastport, where Mr. Morse had promised that a carriage would meet him to take him to the Grange. It was a cool and cloudy day late in the fall, and as the train sped along the general aspect of the landscape was not particularly inviting. After the train pulled out of Babylon, the prospect grew still more gloomy, for the sky had taken on a leaden tinge, as though there was snow in the air.

"Rather a bad afternoon to make a visit," thought Will.

The boy broker amused himself with a current magazine, and forgot all about the disagreeable looks of things outside the car. Two hours passed away, and then the train came to a sudden halt on a lonesome stretch of the road. The passengers wondered why it had stopped, and waited patiently for the train to go on. The minutes passed and it remained stationary. The more curious people went out on the platforms to investigate, and not being able to learn anything there, some of them stepped off and went forward.

Will was among these, and when he got as far as the locomotive, he found the engineer and the fireman at work on it. Something had unexpectedly given way, and the train couldn't proceed till the trouble had been corrected. It took nearly an hour to fix things temporarily, and then the train went on at reduced speed. The sky had grown still more threatening, and soon the air was full of snow. The ground became white, and the roofs of the houses took on the same tint. Finally the train rolled into Eastport an hour and a half behind its schedule. It was dark by that time, though the hour was but half-past five. There were a number of vehicles drawn up at the station, including the hotel bus, and they were there to meet people who had come by the train. Will wondered how he would be able to pick out the conveyance which had been sent for him. The vehicles began rolling away one by one, as the people got into them. Just as the train pulled out on the last stage of its belated trip a man wrapped in a heavy overcoat came up to the boy and said:

"Are you Mr. Will Fox?"

"That's my name," said Will. "Are you from Grimwood Grange?"

"Yes. Come this way, please. Let me take your grip."

The young broker relinquished the small bag he had brought with him and followed the man to a large, old-fashioned carriage a few paces away. The man said nothing more, but started his pair of horses, and the carriage rolled off into the darkness and the snow, in a direction away from the town. Will could see nothing from the windows but the fast-falling snowflakes. He lay back in a corner and left his fate in the hands of the driver. The carriage made good time along the dark road, and in the course of twenty minutes drove into the grounds of the Grange and stopped before the front door. The driver jumped out with Will's grip and rang the bell. A manservant came to the door, and the driver handed

him the bag and announced the visitor. Will found himself in a wide, low-ceiled hall, with a wide stairway at the rear. Four doors opened off the hall into as many large rooms. The servant opened one of the doors and spoke to some one in the room. In a moment out came Mr. Shuttleworth. He welcomed Will in a very cordial way and told him to follow him. They went up to the next floor and Will was shown into a large room at the end of the wide corridor. A coal fire burned in the open grate, and the room was warm and cheerful looking. The servant had preceded them and was lighting candles standing at different points in highly polished brass holders.

The furniture, like the few pieces in the hall below, was antique in design, and evidently a great many years old. The bed, which stood in one corner, had high posts, and was provided with saffron-hued curtains. There were a dressing-table, wardrobe and washstand. The house had been built about the time of the American Revolution, and much of the furniture dated from that time. While Will was removing the stains of travel he explained to Mr. Shuttleworth why the train was late. When the boy was ready to be presented to the master of the house, the elderly secretary extinguished all the lights but one, and taking Will by the arm, led him to the door of a large front room on that floor. This was the sitting-room. A distinguished-looking gentleman, with white hair and a florid complexion, was seated before the open fireplace.

"Mr. Morse, this is our young friend, Will Fox, of New York. Mr. Fox—Mr. Noel Morse," said Shuttleworth.

The white-haired gentleman welcomed the boy broker to his home, and expressed the great pleasure he felt in making his acquaintance. Will replied in suitable terms. Mr. Morse was evidently pleased with his young visitor. In a few minutes Mr. Morse pointed to a thick bell cord, which hung against the wall from a point near the ceiling. Shuttleworth got up and pulled it. Presently a door opened and in walked a vision of loveliness attired in a very modern house-gown.

"My granddaughter, Miss Morse, Mr. Fox," said the old gentleman.

Will rose and bowed, and the girl returned it with a smile. At that point a young man in a smoking jacket of fine quality came in. His rather good-looking face was marred by a supercilious and sneering expression, and Will took a dislike to him on the spot. He was introduced to the boy broker as Mr. Morse's grand-nephew, Jordan Mott.

"Glad to know you," he said to Will, in a tone that did not sound over friendly.

In a few minutes dinner was announced, and all hands, Mr. Morse leaning on Shuttleworth's arm, went downstairs to the large dining-room off the hall. The room, like the others, was lighted by candles, placed at intervals around the wall in groups of three, and in addition three shaded candles stood in a line on the table. Mr. Morse seated himself at the head, the young lady at the foot, Shuttleworth and Mott on one side, and Will facing them. The meal was an excellent one, served in courses, by two male servi-

tors. After coffee had been served, Miss Morse withdrew. A bottle of port wine and a box of cigars were placed on the table. One of the servants filled a glass for Will and offered him the cigar box.

"Thank you, I don't smoke," said Will.

Mr. Morse talked with Will about Wall Street and his own business, while Mott and Shuttleworth conversed together. In a little while the four went back to the sitting-room, where they found the girl seated at an upright piano, the only modern piece of furniture in the room. She played several up-to-date airs, and was then asked to sing by her grandfather. She possessed a sweet and cultivated voice.

"Do you sing, Mr. Fox?" she asked.

Will admitted that he sang a little, and was induced to oblige. He had a good baritone voice, and knew how to use it. On the whole, the evening passed very pleasantly, and at half-past ten Will was again piloted to his room by Shuttleworth, who relighted the candles. Half an hour afterward the room was in darkness and Will was in bed and asleep.

CHAPTER III.—The Secret Passage.

Will was a lad who was seldom troubled with dreams, but on this occasion his slumber was visited by two or three vivid ones. They were all connected with the Grange, and the chief figure in each was Jordan Mott. Finally Will woke up. The snowstorm was still on, for the young broker could hear it pelting against his windows. As he lay trying to woo the goddess of slumber he suddenly heard a noise in one of the corners of his room. Sitting up, he looked around and listened. To his utter amazement, a figure with a lantern in his hand appeared through what he believed was the solid wall, for the only door of the room was the one which led into the corridor. The figure raised the lantern and looked around. The light shone on its face, and Will recognized the intruder as Jordan Mott. The intruder made no sound as he walked forward, and he seemed to be careful not to let the light shine on the bed, the curtains of which were open. He walked across the room to the wainscoting directly under an old-fashioned portrait of a man dressed in the uniform of the Colonial army, ran his fingers along the edge of the molding, and then suddenly disappeared, lantern and all.

"Well, I'll be blessed!" exclaimed Will, sitting up in bed. "Where did he go?"

The boy broker soon solved the mystery of Mott's entrance and exit by ascribing it to the presence of a secret door at each end of the apartment. Then his dreams flashed across his mind, and there appeared to be a decided connection between the two. What had passed before his vision in one of the dreams was not very pleasant to recall. Jordan Mott and his lantern played a prominent part in it. As Will started through the darkness at the place where he had last seen the nephew of old Mr. Morse, he felt as if some power, other than his own, was urging him to get up and follow the intruder. Yielding to the impulse, the boy sprang out of bed, hastily

dressed himself in part, and taking a candle from one of the brass sockets, lighted it and walked over to the wainscoting under the portrait. He examined it carefully, but there saw no sign of a door of any kind. Then he remembered that Mott had run his hand along the top of the molding, and this suggested the presence of a spring that controlled a secret panel—a feature of some very old houses.

The boy broker pushed his fingers along the molding, too, on the chance that something might result. Suddenly he heard a faint click, and about two feet of the wainscoting slid out of sight, leaving a dark opening before him. He thrust the candle in and saw a narrow passage just the width of the opening. Something impelled him forward, and he stepped in, candle in hand. The panel remained open, as a spring had to be touched to close it. Will started forward, holding the candle above his head. He supposed that the passage went straight ahead, but his sharp eyes suddenly made out a blank wall a yard ahead of him. As he flashed the candle around he saw that he was standing almost on the edge of a flight of narrow steps leading downward at a sharp angle.

Feeling that he was committed to this nocturnal adventure, he descended the steps, counting seven of them, and found himself in what he judged was another passage. Two steps forward brought him to another flight of steps leading upward. He counted seven again, and they landed him in what he guessed was the continuation of the first passage. He started ahead on a level, but kept his eyes on the alert for another flight of steps. He presently came to them, and descended and ascended as before to the continuation of the passage.

In this way he proceeded slowly and with caution, going down and coming up at least half a dozen times. At length the rays of the candle showed him a blank surface ahead without any stairs in front of it. He felt around the smooth surface and flashed the candle light on the dark wood. He saw something glisten in a ray of the light. Putting up his hand, he felt a spring catch. Pressing on it, the panel slid back noiselessly, and he looked into a large room dimly lighted by a night light standing on a table at the head of a curtained bed. There was another light that did not belong in the room. It stood on a small, old-fashioned desk near one of the windows. It was the lantern which Will had seen in Mott's hand, and seated in a chair before the escritoire was the old gentleman's relative.

The boy broker uttered a smothered exclamation, for the scene was the exact reproduction of one of his dreams. Instinctively he blew out the candle, lest the light should discover him to the young man who was busily engaged in hunting for something. One drawer resisted his efforts. Mott picked up a bunch of small keys and began trying them in the lock. He used one after the other, but none of them fitted. Then he took a lock-pick out of his pocket, and after a quick glance at the bed, began operations on the lock. The clicking of the steel reached Will's ears.

Suddenly a loud snap broke the stillness of the room. Mott turned a startled look toward the bed. Will looked in the same direction and saw

the curtains shake. The bed curtains were pulled aside and a white head was thrust out between them.

"Who's there?" asked the voice of Noel Morse.

Mr. Morse's hand sought his pillow, and he pulled out a navy revolver.

"Answer, rascal, or I'll fire! I see you crouching behind the desk," he said.

A sharp click indicated the cocking of the weapon.

CHAPTER IX.—Will Averts a Crime.

"Now, then, you scoundrel, are you going to move?"

The old gentleman reached for the bell-rope which hung within his reach. His hand only grasped the air, for Mott had taken the precaution to loop it up out of his reach. Morse had no time to figure on the matter, for as he uttered his last challenge, the young man, conscious that the report of the revolver would alarm the house, even if the bullet did not hit him, sprang up with a smothered imprecation and started for the panel through which he had entered the room.

"Stop! I know you, Jordan! Why have you entered my room at this hour?"

Mott stopped with another imprecation.

"Perhaps I can guess. You have discovered the secret passage and are here to rob me. To add a crime to your long list of indiscretions. Well, this is the last straw, and my forbearance can endure no longer. Return to your room as you came, and remember to-morrow morning you quit my house forever. I disown you, and when I die not a dollar shall come to you from my estate," went on Mr. Morse.

With a sullen cry Jordan Mott wheeled around and faced the old gentleman.

"Do you mean that?" he cried.

"I do, most emphatically. You are a disgrace to our family. I want nothing more to do with you."

Mott dropped the lantern and sprang toward the bed, revolver in hand.

"Swear to alter your determination, or I will kill you as you lie there!" hissed the young man fiercely. "Kill you as I would a dog!"

"Kill me, then, for if I live till to-morrow I will drive you from the house, and never shall you re-enter it while I am master here."

"Then die, you old dotard!" cried Mott, furious with rage.

As the butt of the weapon was descending on the helpless old man's head, Mott's arm was suddenly arrested. Will Fox had sprung forward and caught it. Mott, with a startled exclamation, turned and recognized the boy broker by the dim gleam of the night light.

"You herel" he cried.

"Yes, I'm here, and I guess I didn't get here a moment too soon," replied Will. "Are you out of your senses, or what is the matter with you?"

With a snarl of rage, Mott flung his weight on Will and bore him to the floor, and a desperate struggle for the mastery ensued between them. During the scrap the weapon went off with a report that echoed through the house, awakening Mr. Shuttleworth and Nellie Morse, who slept on

that floor. The bullet passed through the fleshy part of Mott's arm, and with a cry he dropped the revolver. Will tossed it across the floor, and then by a quick movement rolled the young man off him and sprang up.

"You've shot me, blast you!" cried Mott; "but I'll get square with you before long. You'll find that you've made the mistake of your life in butting into things that did not concern you."

With those words he rushed across the room and disappeared through the secret panel, closing it after him.

"You have saved my life, Mr. Fox, and I am grateful to you," said the old gentleman. "Tell me, what fortunate circumstance brought you to my room in the nick of time, and did you also come by way of the secret passage?"

Before Will could reply the handle of the room door was turned and then somebody knocked.

"That is probably Mr. Shuttleworth, who was aroused by the shot. Open the door and admit him," said Mr. Morse.

Will went to the door and opened it.

"Mr. Fox!" exclaimed Shuttleworth, in surprise, recognizing the young broker.

"Yes, sir. Come right in," replied Will.

"I heard the report of a pistol and thought it came from your room, sir," said Shuttleworth.

"It was discharged in here," said the owner of the Grange.

"By you, sir?"

"No, accidentally by Mr. Fox, while engaged in a struggle with my nephew."

"Why, why, I don't quite understand you," said Shuttleworth, who saw no signs of Jordan Mott in the room. "In a struggle with Mr. Mott—"

"Yes. This night my nephew has proved himself to be a scoundrel. He first tried to rob and then murder me in bed."

Shuttleworth fairly gasped at that statement.

"Mr. Fox came into the room in time to save my life, and I shall never forget what I owe him," went on the old gentleman. "Now, Mr. Fox, I will hear your story. How came you to learn of the existence of the secret passage? And what induced you to follow it to my room?"

Will began by describing the disquieting dream he had had, which, as events proved, were the shadows of coming events. Awakening suddenly from the last one, he had seen Jordan Mott enter his room, apparently through the solid wall, cross over and vanish in a like manner. Not only was his curiosity aroused by the young man's actions, but an impulse he could not resist impelled him to make an investigation of the wainscoting, with the result that he found the passage. He followed it to that room and was a silent observer of much that had happened before the crisis took place which called for his interference.

"I guess I will return to my room now, Mr. Morse. I'll go round by the corridor, as my door is not locked. I prefer that way to returning by the passage," said Will.

Fifteen minutes later Will was in bed again, after Mr. Shuttleworth had helped him barricade the first panel with the bureau. Mr. Shuttleworth came to his room next morning while he was making his toilet, and told him that Mott had left the Grange at daylight on horseback. Nothing was said at the breakfast table about

the night's events, and the meal passed off in cheerful conversation. On Monday morning Will departed to catch the early express for New York, and he carried with him the highest regards of his new friends.

CHAPTER X.—Will Escapes Stimson's Shears.

Will reached his office about noon, and found a batch of correspondence awaiting his attention. On his return from his own lunch he told Lettie all about his visit to Grimwood Grange, including his night adventure, which resulted in the saving of the life of Mr. Morse. He had just finished his story when Broker Stimson walked in.

"Hello, Fox. Have you sold your A. & C.?"

"Yes, sir."

"At what figure?"

"At 110."

"You have no fault to find with my pointer, then?"

"None whatever."

"Well, I've got hold of another good thing."

"What is it this time?"

"The Tom Scott Leasing Co.—a new company."

"What property is the Tom Scott Co. going to work?" asked Will.

"A new mine called the Yellow Kid."

"You have bought a block of shares yourself?"

"Five thousand at \$3 a share."

"That's rather high for an undeveloped proposition."

"Not in this case. I advise you to take 5,000 yourself if you can afford to. That's the limit to people outside the inner bunch. You couldn't get more than that number in your own name to save your life. A month after the syndicate gets down to business on the ground those shares will be worth \$6 if they're worth a cent," said Stimson, in an enthusiastic tone. "But don't take my word for it, Fox. Talk to the man I'll send around to see you. He knows more in a minute about the Yellow Kid than I could learn in a month. He says it's a second Jumbo."

At that moment Broker Watson came in and Stimson took his leave, after requesting Will to keep the matter quiet, as the proposition he had suggested to him was confidential.

"I want you to go over to Jersey City and buy me 10,000 Atlas. I can't go myself, and I must get the stock for a customer. It's going at \$1.50. Better get over there at once, as the price is liable to go up between now and three. Here is my check for \$15,000, which you can cash on your way up to Broadway. You can give \$1.60 if you have to, but try and keep it down," said Watson.

Will put on his hat and went out with the broker. They separated at the door, and Will went to Watson's bank to get the \$15,000, and after that he proceeded to Jersey City. He got the stock for Watson at \$1,500, and notified the broker to that effect on his return. Before going home that day, he sent a letter to a certain person in Goldfield asking full information about the Yellow Kid mining prospect, and also any facts concerning the Tom Scott Leasing Syndicate. Early on the following afternoon a well-

dressed man came into the office and asked for him.

"I'm Will Fox. Take a seat and tell me what I can do for you."

"Mr. Eugene Stimson recommended you to my attention as one who would like to get in with the early birds on the Tom Scott Leasing Syndicate," said the visitor.

"Oh! Your name is——"

"Tully—John Tully."

Will bowed and waited for him to proceed.

"I suppose you have a general knowledge of the Yellow Kid mining property?" began the visitor.

"I have heard that there is such a prospect somewhere out in the Death Valley district," replied Will.

"Well, let me tell you, in confidence, that it is something more than a prospect. It is a certainty, and the mining world will learn that fact as soon as the Tom Scott Leasing Co. begin actual developments," said Tully.

"So the Yellow Kid is rich in the precious metal?" said Will.

"Rich! Say, you nor nobody else East here have the faintest idea how rich Death Valley is in gold and silver."

"Well, Mr. Tully, what you came here for was to give me the chance to get in on the shares of the Scott Leasing Co., I believe?"

"Yes, and you can thank Mr. Stimson for that. It isn't everybody who is offered the opportunity to get in on the ground floor of such a proposition. It is just like finding money. I can let you have 5,000 shares for \$4 a share, spot cash, which is dirt cheap. Inside of six months, or even less, it will be worth anywhere from \$10 to \$20."

"Four dollars! Mr. Stimson said that he purchased 5,000 shares for \$3."

"True; but the price has since been advanced."

"Who advanced it?"

"Scott did. He felt it was a shame to let it go so cheap. In fact, he raised it to \$5 a share, but I got permission of him over the long-distance wire to offer it to you for \$4. I doubt if anybody else will be able to get it for a cent under \$5."

"And the company hasn't commenced operations yet?"

"No; but they are beginning to get things in shape for the machinery. I can say that within two weeks the company will be at work, and then—well, if there are any shares of the original development stock left unsold, they will probably be held in the treasury, for in my opinion it would be foolish to dispose of them except at a considerable advance. Well, shall I fill in this paper for 5,000 shares? You can pay ten per cent. down, and the balance on delivery of the certificates a few days hence."

"Not just now. I require a few days to consider the matter, and to raise the money in," replied Will.

Seeing that he could do nothing more about the matter at present, Tully left Will's office.

Two days later Tully called again, but Will was not yet ready to deal with him. Will went out soon after he left and saw Tully in conver-

sation with Stimson in front of the Exchange. He pulled his hat over his eyes as he passed them and heard Stimson say:

"You'd better let him have them for \$3. Half a loaf is better than no bread."

"I wonder if he meant the Tom Scott Leasing Co. stock, and referred to me?" thought the boy. "If he did, it strikes me there is something scaly about it, as I half suspected from the way Tully puffed the proposition up."

When he got back to the office, Lettie handed him a telegram which had come while he was out. He tore open the yellow envelope and read the following:

"Will Fox, Room 555, Magnet Bldg., Wall Street, New York City: Have nothing to do with Y. K. No such leasing company as the T. S. known here. Scheme evidently a fraud on its face.
Yours,
G. F."

Will put the telegram in his pocket and proceeded to make notes for his next day's market letter that he was going to dictate to Lettie.

CHAPTER XI.—The Option Deal.

That afternoon Tully made his third call and received a final answer which did not please him a bit. A week went by, during which the boy broker secured several new customers through his advertisement in the papers. While on his way to lunch, Will overheard a stout, pompous-looking man tell a man he knew to be a prominent broker to buy every share of O. & B. he could find till he told him to stop. At that moment Broker Watson came along, and Will pointed out the stout gentleman to him, at the same time asking who he was.

"That's Judson, one of the biggest operators on the Street. The boys call him the successor of Jay Gould," said Watson.

"He's a bull, I suppose?"

"Oh, he bears the market, too, when his interests lie in that direction."

"If he gave you an order to buy every share of a particular stock you could pick up, would you try to fill it?"

"Would I? Like a bird. No fear of that, however, as he's got his regular brokers. That was one of them he was speaking to."

At that point Stimson came along and saw Will and Watson. He came right up to them.

"Hello, Watson? How d'ye do, Fox?" said Stimson, in his blandest manner.

"Hello, Stimson—what's new with you?" said Watson.

"Nothing. I'm looking for an opening. The market is slower than dishwater. Absolutely nothing doing. Are you and Fox trying to get up a pool?"

"Yes; wouldn't you like to come in?" said Will.

"I'm open to any proposition."

"Are you? I'm looking for somebody to sell me 5,000 shares of O. & B. on a ten-day option," said Will.

"On a ten-day option, eh? What are you willing to pay for it?"

Will pulled a market report from his pocket.

"It's ruling around 73," he said. "I'll give 75."

"If you mean business, I'll sell you that option for 75 1-2."

"No, I can't afford to give over 75."

"Well, seeing that it's you, I'll take you up. Come over to my office and we'll put it through."

"Wait a minute. How much deposit do you want?"

"Five per cent. on the current value of the stock."

Will made a quick calculation and saw that he didn't have enough money.

"Make it four per cent., or hold the matter over till to-morrow afternoon," he said.

"All right. I'll let it go at four per cent.," said Stimson, who seemed anxious to do business with Will.

"I'll call at your office in an hour with the money and put the deal through," said Will.

"Very well, Fox. I'll be there," and Stimson walked on.

"Say, what are you up to, Fox?" asked Watson.

"Buying an option of Stimson."

"Fox, you're a pretty smart young fellow, but if this option deal with Stimson doesn't mark your finish, I shall be somewhat surprised."

"There's a chance that it may, but as there is big money in it for me if I win, why, I'm willing to risk my goat."

Will said he must go to lunch, so he and Watson parted. Within the hour Will called on Stimson and the option deal was put through. Four days passed and O. & B. didn't make a move. Stimson judged that the market wasn't going to move for several days, and he delayed buying the 5,000 shares of O. & B. he had contracted to deliver within ten days at a two-point advance. On the fifth day Will began to get somewhat nervous. He judged that it was about time that O. & B. showed signs of life if it was going to. About half-past two that afternoon a big broker walked on the floor of the board-room and began bidding for O. & B.

"Seventy-three and one-half for any part of 5,000 shares," he said.

Six hundred were offered to him and he took them.

"Seventy-three and five-eighths—three-quarters—seven-eighths—seventy-four."

He got no more. He kept on bidding till he had offered 76 for the stock, with no takers. At that point Stimson came on the floor. He saw the broker bidding at the O. & B. pole, and he stepped over to see what was doing. The trader was just offering 76 1-2 for any part of 5,000 shares. Stimson realized that he had put himself in a hole by not buying in the shares when they were resting at 73. O. & B. closed at 79 that day. That fact pulled Will out of the dumps and raised him to the pinnacle of satisfaction. By noon next day O. & B. was going at 85. Stimson was on the ragged edge of consternation. When three o'clock came around he was in a much worse predicament, as O. & B. closed at 90. He would lose \$125,000.

Finally he decided to go around and see Will

Fox and make the best terms he could with him before the price went higher, as it appeared certain to do. When he walked into the office he found nobody there. Miss Lind had gone home; Jimmy, the office boy, was in the wash-room, as he was through for the day, while Will had just stepped into the next office. The safe door stood open. On the spur of the moment an idea occurred to Stimson. He would look in the safe and see if his option was there, and if it was—well, he knew what he'd do. He darted over to the safe. There wasn't a great deal in it, and the first thing his eyes rested on was his option on a shelf. He seized it just as Jimmy walked in and caught him.

"Here, who are you, and what are you swiping?" cried Jimmy, snatching the option out of Stimson's fingers. With an angry cry the broker grabbed the youth.

"Here, let me go, you big stiff!" said Jimmy.

At that moment Will came into the office and was decidedly surprised at what he saw going on.

"What's the trouble, Jimmy?" he asked, recognizing Stimson.

"I caught this chap stealing a paper out of your safe," replied the office boy.

The truth immediately flashed across Will's mind. The broker had tried to get possession of his option.

"Give me that paper!" exclaimed Stimson, trying to wrest it from Jimmy's fingers.

"No, I won't," retorted the boy, seizing the broker by the wrist. "You've no right to it."

Will grabbed up a ruler and rushed to Jimmy's assistance.

CHAPTER XII.—Stimson Settles With Will

"Drop that option, Mr. Stimson!" said Will, flourishing the ruler, though he did not intend to strike the broker with it if he could avoid doing so.

Stimson let go of the paper.

"I think you owe me an explanation," said Will, taking the option from his office boy.

"It was just a joke of mine," replied the broker, trying to square himself.

"I don't see where the joke comes in," said the boy broker. "You were evidently trying to get possession of this paper."

"That's what he was, Mr. Fox," said Jimmy. "I saw him pinch it out of the safe."

"That looks bad for you, Mr. Stimson. Suppose I went into your office and took a paper from your safe—what would you think of me?"

"Well, let's drop the discussion. I called to see you about the option."

"What about it?"

"I would like to settle."

"Did you bring the stock?"

"No. I haven't got the stock, and can't get it."

"Then what do you propose to do?"

"Pay you the difference between 75 and the market price."

"The market price at present is 90."

"I know that."

"I don't care to settle on those terms."

"Why not?" snarled Stimson. "You'll make \$75,000."

"Because the price is likely to go to 100 to-

morrow or next day, and that will make a difference of \$50,000 in my favor."

"Will you settle at 91?"

"No, sir."

"Ninety-two, then?"

Will shook his head.

"I'll give you 95 now," said Stimson desperately.

Will hesitated. To settle now at 95 was to clean up a profit of \$100,000, and avoid all further risk, and the temptation to do so was great.

"Well, bring me \$100,000, plus my deposit of \$14,600, and you can have your option," he said.

After some hesitation Stimson agreed to Will's demand, and the business was settled between them. Stimson went away feeling that he had been well done up by the boy broker. Will replaced the option in his safe, locked up and went uptown, tickled to death to know that he had made the tremendous sum of \$100,000 out of his option deal. He had taken a great risk, but had won out. When he reached his office next morning he told Lettie about his great option deal. She was amazed at his success.

Shortly before half-past ten Stimson came in with his certified check. Will went to the bank and collected the money. Then he rented a safe deposit box and put the big pile of bills in it. When he got back to his office he sat down and wrote a long letter to a person out in Goldfield whose initials were G. F.

"That will open his eyes. He'll have to admit that I've made good in Wall Street. And I've done it in a whole lot less time than I expected to," said Will, as he addressed a stamped envelope, put the enclosure in it, and sealed it up. O. & B. did go to par, but it didn't stay at that figure very long—only long enough to give the syndicate the chance of unloading the rest of its holdings. As soon as the syndicate withdrew its support of the stock, the price began to fall. As a consequence there was a rush of selling orders, and that depressed the price still more. In the long run it went down below 80, and a small army of speculators lost money on it. These were mostly the lambs, who always frisked around Wall Street when a boom was on. Several traders besides Stimson were caught in the shuffle, too and suffered a contraction in their bank accounts. Outside of the members of the syndicate, Will was the only large winner.

CHAPTER XIII.—The Boarding-House Theft.

When Will entered the dining-room at his boarding-house that evening for dinner he was treated to a surprise, and not a very pleasant one. There was a new boarder at the table, and one look showed the boy broker that this addition to the house was Jordan Mott.

"Mr. Fox, let me introduce you to Mr. Mott," said the landlady.

Mott scowled as he recognized Will, but the two bowed stiffly to each other. Neither had expected to meet under such circumstances, but they did not let on that they had met before. When Will walked upstairs, Mott was waiting for him in the main hall.

"Look here, Fox," he said, "are you going to tell the people here what you know about me?"

"No, sir," replied Will, "but I hope you understand that we cannot get on friendly terms. I don't care to cultivate your acquaintance, and I don't believe you have any strong desire to cotton to me. We have met as strangers, and we will continue to meet on the same basis."

"All right; that suits me," growled Mott, turning on his heel and walking to the front door.

Will continued on upstairs to his room. Next morning the boy broker was at his desk at the usual time. Among the letters awaiting his inspection, and a goodly bunch came every day now from out-of-town people interested in Wall Street, to most of whom he mailed a copy of his daily market report, was one bearing the Eastport postmark. He didn't need to open it to learn that it was from Grimwood Manor. It was written by Mr. Shuttleworth at Noel Morse's dictation. He inquired particularly concerning Will's growing business, and hoped he was getting on nicely. He concluded by asking when the young broker would favor him with another visit, as it would afford him great pleasure to see him again. Will dictated a reply, in which he told the old gentleman that he had made a big haul out of the market during the boom in O. & B., and now considered himself on Easy Street as far as capital was concerned.

When he reached his boarding-house that afternoon he found the house in a state of considerable excitement. One of the lady boarders, who occupied the front room on the same floor with Will, had been robbed, so she declared, of \$200 in money and five \$100 United States bonds. A detective was on the premises investigating the matter. According to her story, the bonds and money she had kept locked up in her trunk. The bonds were wrapped in a piece of an old newspaper. Singular to relate, this paper, which she positively identified, had been found by the chambermaid in Will's room. As Will was a great favorite in the house, no suspicion attached to him, but still the landlady couldn't imagine how it had come there. The detective, however, was in waiting to see the young broker about it.

"I should like to see you a few minutes in your room, Mr. Fox," he said.

"Yes, sir," said Will, and they went in, the detective closing the door.

"I understand that you are in the brokerage business in Wall Street," said the sleuth.

"I am."

"Where is your office?"

"There is one of my cards," said Will, handing him one.

The detective glanced at it and put it in his pocket.

"How long have you been in business?"

"About four months."

"You have just heard about this robbery that has been pulled off by some one that seems to be connected with the house?"

"Yes, sir; but why do you think the thief was connected with the house? That supposition would place all the boarders under suspicion. I should imagine it to be the work of some sneak thief who managed to get into the lady's room."

"Well, the fact is the bonds were wrapped in a piece of old newspaper, and that paper was found

this morning by the chambermaid in one of the rooms," said the detective, looking hard at the boy.

"Is that so?" said Will. "The person who occupies the room is under suspicion, then?" and the boy instinctively thought of Jordan Mott.

"I won't say that, for he enjoys an excellent reputation in the house."

"It can't be Mott," thought Will. "I wonder in whose room the paper was found?"

"You have no idea in whose room the paper was found?" asked the detective.

"No, sir, not the slightest."

"It was found in this room."

"In my room?" exclaimed Will, clearly astonished.

"Yes, behind your trunk, when the maid moved it to sweep there."

"I'm sorry to hear that, but I assure you I have no idea how it came to be there. Did Mrs. Smith identify it as the paper in which she kept her bonds wrapped?"

"She was positively sure of it, and her statement seems to admit of no doubt, for her name was written on it in her own handwriting. It was that circumstance that prevented the maid from throwing it out."

"It's funny that it should be in my room. Clearly somebody must have put it there without my knowledge," said Will, rather disturbed by the inference he feared must have been drawn from the circumstance.

"Are you on good terms with all the boarders?"

"Yes, with the exception of the new arrival, who came yesterday. I am not very well acquainted with him."

"Under the circumstances, I think it would be to your interest to allow me to look into your trunk."

"You are at liberty to do so," said Will, pulling out his keys and handing them to the detective.

"Which one fits your trunk?"

Will pointed it out. The boy's frank and honest deportment, coupled with the lack of hesitation in permitting his trunk to be inspected, went a long way toward convincing the officer that nothing would be a long way toward convincing the officer that Will had had nothing to do with the robbery. It was his duty, however, to make the search, and this he proceeded to do. He didn't have to go far before something turned up. Lifting the end of some of Will's underclothing, he found one of the stolen Government bonds.

CHAPTER XIV.—Conclusion.

"Here is one of the bonds," said the sleuth. "Can you account for it being in your trunk?"

"I cannot. I'll swear I didn't put it there."

The detective regarded him with a searching look, and could not find the least indication of guilt or confusion in his face. He went on and searched the trunk more carefully after that, but the other four bonds were not in it.

"I am sorry, Mr. Fox, but it is my duty to put you under arrest."

"That's tough on me, but I suppose you have to do it."

"I don't see that I have any option in the matter. The finding of this bond in your trunk renders you apparently guilty either of having stolen the bonds, and, incidentally, the money involved, or acting as the receiver of stolen property."

"As I am worth \$116,000 in cash, and can prove it, it is hardly likely I would risk my reputation and liberty for \$700," said Will, in a tone of indignant denial.

"If you didn't put that bond there, somebody else must have done so—somebody who is unfriendly toward you, and who is able to open your trunk."

"Then it must have been the thief, for if he could open Mrs. Smith's trunk, I suppose he found no difficulty in getting into mine."

"Your argument is good, but why should the thief take the extra risk and trouble of doing so unless he had some strong grudge against you? Now, you say you are on good terms with all the boarders?"

"All excepting the newcomer—Jordan Mott. I did not intend to mention the fact that I had met him before he came to board here yesterday, but I did, and under circumstances not to his credit."

"Indeed!" said the sleuth, with a look of interest. "You had better tell me about it. It may have an important bearing on this matter."

"I hate to do it, for it involves a family matter."

"But you owe yourself a duty—if you are innocent—to square yourself in this case. As matters stand now, you are under arrest on a serious charge, with tangible proof against you. I have had a long experience with all kinds of criminals, and I will admit that I have my doubts about your guilt; but my private views have no bearing on the facts at issue. Guilty or innocent, you have been found with a part of the goods in your possession. If you can't explain how this bond came to be in your trunk, or throw some light on how it might have been put there, the magistrate is bound to hold you, subject to bail, when you are brought up before him at the preliminary examination to-morrow morning. In the meantime the facts will go on the police blotter and will be reported in the daily papers. This is going to hurt you unless matters are soon straightened out."

"What is your name, sir?"

"John Dolan."

"Well, Mr. Dolan, as those bonds are coupon ones, the thief will not have a very hard job to sell them; but it is probable he will not sell them in Wall Street. It is likelier he'll carry them to Philadelphia or Boston. The brokers of both those cities ought to be furnished with their description and asked to watch for them. There is a chance, at any rate, that the person presenting them for sale might be caught."

"Your suggestion is a proper one and shall be attended to. But what about this Jordan Mott? You say that you don't want to speak because it is family matter? Are you acquainted with his family?"

"I am. During my visit to Grimwood Grange, on the outskirts of Eastport, Long Island, a few weeks ago, I was the means of saving him from committing a very rash act, and thereby I incurred his enmity. I was greatly surprised to

meet him here as a boarder last evening, and we met as strangers. After supper he waylaid me in the hall downstairs and asked me if I was going to disclose what I knew about him. I said I was not. That I wanted to have nothing more to do with him. With that understanding we parted. I do not accuse him of putting that bond in my trunk, for that would practically be accusing him of the robbery of Mrs. Smith's trunk, but I will say that he is quite capable of doing such a thing, and I intend to take means to find out whether he did or not."

"Will you remain in your room till I call for you?"

"I will."

The detective put the bond in his pocket and went in search of the landlady.

"You have a new boarder called Jordan Mott?" he said to her.

"Yes. He came yesterday."

"Is he in the house now?"

"I couldn't say. Do you wish to see him?"

"I do."

"I will send the maid to show you his room."

In a few minutes the detective was knocking at the door of Mott's room.

"Come in!" said a voice.

The officer entered.

"Your name is Mott, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Are you aware that a robbery has been committed in the house within the last twenty-four hours?"

"I haven't heard anything about it."

The detective sized Mott up closely, and was not favorably impressed.

"From evidence that I have found, it appears that the crime was committed by one of the boarders."

"Who are you? Do you insinuate that you suspect me? Why, I haven't been in the house much over twenty-four hours."

"I did not say that I suspected you, young man," said Detective Dolan. "In answer to your other question, I will say that I am a detective, and that my name is Dolan. Under the peculiar circumstances of the case, I am obliged to request you to open your trunk for inspection."

"Well, I'm not a thief, and I don't want to be suspected as one!" cried Mott angrily.

"Then, of course, you will have no objection to opening your trunk."

"I have a decided objection. Show me your authority."

"There is my authority," said Dolan, displaying his shield.

"That doesn't give you the right to go through my trunk."

"I merely requested you to submit your trunk to the same search as the other boarders. It ought to be a mere matter of form with you."

"Form or not, I won't have it searched."

"Very well. I can't make you open it; but I can't see any reason in your refusal. You have nothing to fear, that I know of."

"Well, I won't open it without you bring an order from a judge."

The detective said nothing, but left the room. His sharp eyes had noticed the position of Mott's trunk with respect to the door, and when he reached the head of the stairs he pulled off his

shoes and glided back. Crouching down, he placed his eye to the keyhole and found that he could look into the room. He saw Mott open his trunk; take a package out, and thrust it into his pocket. That was enough. He went back to the stairs, put on his shoes and walked down to the parlor floor, where he waited for Mott, who he believed intended to leave the house at once. In a few minutes Mott came walking downstairs. As he started to open the front door the detective intercepted him, seized the lapel of his coat, threw it back, and pulled the package out of his pocket. With a quick movement he tore the paper off and saw that it contained United States bonds.

"You are under arrest, young man," he said. "These are four of the stolen bonds. The fifth I found where you placed it to cast the crime on an innocent boy. You will come with me."

"Never!" cried Mott, darting for the basement stairs.

The sleuth was after him like a shot, and nabbed him as he was going down. He yanked him up, pushed him against the wall, and handcuffed him. The noise brought the landlady on the scene. The officer explained the situation in a few words.

"Oblige me, madam, by telling Mr. Fox that he is at liberty to leave his room. Tell him also that I have caught the thief," he said.

Then he walked the prisoner to the station-house. Next morning the magistrate held Jordan Mott for the action of the Grand Jury, for in addition to the four bonds, most of the \$200 was found in his possession, and also the picklock he had used on Mr. Morse's desk. Ultimately he was tried, found guilty, and sent to the State prison.

A few days later a fine-looking gentleman reached New York from the West, and put up at a leading hotel. Next morning he appeared in Wall street, walked into the Magnet Building, and, taking an elevator, got out at the fifth floor. He entered the office of the boy broker. The moment Will saw him he exclaimed:

"Father! You here!" and sprang up and grabbed the gentleman by the hands.

"So you've made good, you young rascal, have you?" said George Fox, regarding his son with an approving eye.

"Yes, father; I'm worth \$116,000 in cash, and can show it to you, and I have also worked up a small business that will some day rival yours. I think I've won my bet, so I hope you've brought the \$50,000 with you, though I have no particular use for it; still I always like to have what belongs to me."

The bet that Will won was that he would go to New York, and without letting any one know who his family connections were, build up a brokerage business in Wall Street, and be able to show a capital of \$100,000 within one year, on a start of \$6,000. He had done it in less than half the time, and his success found its way into the papers under the heading of "Will Fox of Wall Street"—the boy broker who won success.

Next week's issue will contain "A LAD OF IRON NERVE; or, LITTLE JOE'S BIG BONANZA."

CURRENT NEWS

FIRED SALT, KILLED SOLDIER

Lieutenant Enrique Morena has been placed on trial before a court-martial in Cartagena, Spain, on a charge of causing the death in July of last year of Private Nesa, by firing a cartridge filled with table salt into his body point-blank, apparently for the purpose of amusing himself. The charge passed through the soldier's body, causing death almost immediately.

The State's attorney asked that a sentence of seventeen years' imprisonment be imposed upon the lieutenant, while for Corporal Hilario Fuertes, who loaded the rifle under Lieutenant Morena's orders, he urged a sentence of one year.

OSTRICH TELEPHONING

When the eggs on the ostrich farms in California are on the point of hatching, a curious tapping of the shells may be heard. This the keepers call "telephoning." The sound is caused by the chicks inside the eggs endeavoring to break out. Those which cannot easily emerge are assisted by the mother bird, which will sometimes break an egg from which the telephoning is heard by pressing it carefully, and will then aid the chick to get out.

THE KING OF BIRDS.

The eagle is the king of birds, the lord of the sky, the bravest, noblest and most independent of the feathered tribe, and probably that is the reason why he was adopted as our national bird. His image holds its place upon our national coat of arms by sheer merit, and not merely from empty sentiment. The noble bird, loving liberty, scorning confinement at home and at his best only when invested with the wide freedom of the glorious heavens, is the fit emblem of the "Spirit of '76" and of the government that that spirit won and established on the earth. Other peoples, as you know, entertain the same high opinion of the eagle, since from the time of the institution of the Roman standard straight down to the present day, he has appeared as a conspicuous figure in the heraldry of the nations.

CAPTURED AFTER 15 YEARS

Ossining.—Julius Maier, alias Leiter, a former Sing Sing prisoner who has been a fugitive for fifteen years, has just been recaptured and was again imprisoned July 11. An odd coincidence landed him behind bars again.

Charles F. Rattigan, Superintendent of Prisons, sent S. J. Bergin, Parole Agent, to Washington, D. C., and Bergin returned Maier to Sing Sing recently. Maier's downfall is laid to a similarity of names and a case of mistaken identity.

The dragnet had been spread by Federal authorities for another man whose name is Julius Leiter, a tailor. The police brought in the former Sing Sing prisoner, who is also a tailor.

In looking through the rogues' gallery, Washington authorities found the picture of their prisoner. It appeared on a circular asking his arrest as a parole violator who vanished in 1905.

So Supt. Rattigan was notified that the long-sought ex-convict was in the toils. Since violating his parole Maier has traveled all over North America. He still owes the State two years on his old conviction in New York of forgery.

THE SAGACITY OF THE WOLF

The wisdom of the fox is not so evident as the saying is widespread, but the more I see of wolves the more respect I have for their intelligence, which is unique among the non-human inhabitants of the North.

The second day on the new land I met a wolf that came running toward me at first, for he could not fail to mistake me at a distance for a caribou, but when he got within two hundred yards and could see more plainly he realized my strangeness, and, what is truly remarkable, inferred that I might be dangerous.

This wolf could certainly never have seen a human before, and the only dark thing of size comparable to mine that he had ever seen must have been either a caribou or a muskox. The caribou are his prey, and while he seldom kills a muskox he at least has no reason to fear that exceptionally clumsy and slow moving animal.

But at two hundred yards this wolf paused and, after a good look that satisfied him that I was something new in his experience, commenced to circle me at that distance to get my wind. When he got it it took him but a sniff or two and he was off at top speed.

The similarly unsophisticated foxes of this region will commonly run within ten or fifteen yards of you and follow you around for miles, barking like a toy dog following a pedestrian.

RICH MEN WILL TELL YOU

They found the first hundred dollars the hardest to save. At first it is hard to save. Then it becomes a habit. **TODAY** is the time to start saving.

INVEST YOUR SAVINGS

—IN—

Government Savings Securities

For sale at Banks and Post Offices

PRICES IN AUGUST

Thrift Stamps at twenty-five cents: \$5 Government Savings Stamps for \$4.19; \$100 Treasury Savings Certificates for \$84.80; \$1000 Treasury Savings Certificates for \$838.00.

GOVERNMENT LOAN ORGANIZATION,

Second Federal Reserve District.

120 Broadway,

New York.

Lost On Mt. Erebus

— OR —

A Boy Explorer At the South Pole

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER IX (continued)

"It won't do," insisted Madge. "You cannot drive the dogs, and you might fall into a crevasse. Believe me, Joe and I are strong enough for anything."

"Well, if you all insist, I guess I had better get back to camp. This blizzard has weakened me. But if you do not turn up inside of three days, we will send out a rescue party."

"All right. But you need not fear. We'll be back, all right, or, if we don't, you may know we have gone on a pole hunt ourselves."

Thus talked Hawley jokingly; but the others had serious occasion to recall these words in the light of what afterward followed.

With mutually encouraging words they separated, leaving Hawley and Madge with one sleeping bag, provisions on their backs for three days, and a small cache of pemmican to fall back on when they returned to their present stopping place.

Both Carr and Joy were in the sled going down, for the weight was nothing to the dogs.

For the first time our hero and the girl of his choice were alone together, and with no one to depend on but themselves. And what a task they had resolutely set themselves to do! Almost at the apex of the world, and with a hitherto unclimbed volcano before them, its terrors yet unknown, and to which they unhesitatingly were to expose themselves.

"If it keeps getting warmer, Joe, I don't care much what happens."

"Fine talk, Madge. But you know that you can always depend on me. If you perish I will not survive."

"I do joke, my friend," said the girl more soberly. "But knowing what we have undertaken, a light heart is our only refuge. If we gave way to our natural fears, how gloomy would we be."

"You are right, dear Madge. It is glory, or—death. Well, we will win the glory and return alive, if possible."

The two stopped a moment, clasped hands, and looked into each other's eyes. It seemed to Joe that Madge's pure soul was open to him then. To her, he was the epitome of all that was manly.

"On we go—up, up, up!" He had her hand, supporting her always; and so they climbed for several hours more, until at last they reached the rim of an old crater, an oblong pit several hundred feet deep, and half filled with unmelted snow and ice.

Beyond this rose the active crater several hundred feet higher. In the old crater they lunched on pemmican, a biscuit each, and a can of cold tea, which Joe heated over one of a number of

curious black mounds of ice, caused by columns of steam from below.

At the apex of each, the hot vapor, before congealing, emitted a lively degree of heat.

"Now for the real crater," said Joe, as they made their way across the old one, and began climbing the steep ascent.

At last they reached the final summit, passing over loose lava and quantities of feldspar crystals, while the altitude and the cold, clouded air made breathing difficult.

"What a horrible place!" gasped the girl, shrinking at last.

They were on the lip of a vast abyss filled with rising clouds of thick steam. After loud, continuous hissings lasting for some minutes, there would come from below a big, dull boom. Then great masses of vapor would rush upward to join a thick cloud that settled, ever down, over the crater.

About that time the gale renewed its strength, and in a minute or two the whole summit of the mountain was blotted from their sight.

They were like "lost shades," as Hawley afterward described his feelings. All sense of direction was taken from them, and the wind's roaring, punctuated by that awful booming from the pit at their feet, at last terrified the girl, who had hitherto shown such a bold, brave front.

"Joe!" she cried, clinging to him. "Something is dragging at my feet. Where are we?"

"We are all right, Madge. This will pass—"

Here the cliff on which they had advanced began to crumble under them, and the darkness increased.

Madge threw her arms about Hawley, crying out:

"Nothing can save us now, Joe! We are lost on Mt. Erebus!"

CHAPTER X.

Between Roasting and Freezing.

Where were they falling, falling?

Between the clouds of sulphurous vapor from below and the turbulent whirl and smother of the storm above, it looked as if the young explorer and his brave girl companion had about as small a chance for life as has the man who falls into the rapids above Niagara Falls.

But an unexpected chance gave Joe Hawley an opportunity to show the real metal he was made of inside of the next few seconds.

He had a rope around his waist, after the manner of mountain climbers, and a noose at the other end had been swung to his arm.

When the lip of the crater crumbled under their feet, Hawley felt that they were going. Madge's arms were about his neck, but his own were free.

He clasped her waist with his left arm and reached out with his right. The violence of the move flung the noose over a sharp angle of the cliff. This lava, toughened by iron and sulphur, was welded by prior heat into a strong intermixture of primal elements. It caught the rope and held as their weight straightened the rawhide.

(To be continued)

BRIEF BUT POINTED

CROWS EAT JACKRABBIT

Alki Hall, of Medford, Ore., reports an odd incident he witnessed on his place the other morning, wherein fifteen crows attacked and devoured a jackrabbit, through hunger. Hall was in his field when he was attracted by the loud cawing of the crows. Looking up he saw the birds right behind the rabbit, which was traveling about ten feet at a jump. Finally one of the crows alighted on the back of bunny, and after he had gone about fifty feet he keeled over, not being able to pack the excess baggage. Once on the ground he was pounced upon by all the crows, which picked his bones clean in short order.

DIGS UP OLD SHELL

A relic of the battle of Hanover, an unexpected shell which fell on the Gitt farm near Plum Creek, Pa., during the engagement between the forces of Kilpatrick and Stuart on June 30, 1863, was dug up recently from the place in which it had lain buried as a precautionary measure since that date.

It was George Gitt who found and buried the shell directly after the battle. William Blettner, seventy-eight years old, the only man living who knew of the incident, told his grandson, Paul, of the circumstances and pointed out the spot where the shell had been interred.

The boy dug it up. It weighs about ten pounds and is well preserved.

GREATER BOSTON 1,500,000

A compilation of 1920 census returns, covering what is generally known as Greater Boston, shows that the population of Boston and its suburbs has reached almost exactly 1,500,000. Boston has annexed very little of the territory immediately adjoining and has a total area of only 37.8 square miles, as compared with 287 square miles in Greater New York.

The Boston metropolitan district, covering an area within a fifteen-mile radius from the State House, includes twenty-six cities and towns in addition to Boston proper. The percentage of growth of most of the suburbs has been much greater in the last decade than that of Boston itself, due chiefly to the fact that a far larger number of people whose daily business is in this city have found it more agreeable to establish their homes outside the city limits.

BOTTOM FALLS OUT OF WELL

"What's coming off up there?"

A spooky, subterranean voice emanated from the two-inch well pipe Dode Smith was pulling from the ground at his home near Petersburg, Ind.

The well had gone dry suddenly and Dode, with the aid of his brother George and John Watson, was pulling the pipe from the soil.

The trio were stricken speechless, and as they stared at one another the mysterious voice again was heard:

"Hey! S'matter up there?"

This time Mrs. Dode Smith heard the voice, and she likewise was startled.

"Your well is down here," the voice explained. Then Dode Smith had a hunch.

"That you, George?" he shouted down the pipe. An affirmative answer and considerable explanation revealed that a coal miner, in cutting a new shaft, had tunneled under Smith's well, whereupon the bottom had dropped out, dampening the miners.

TWO NOTED CAVES

So far as is now known, the United States can lay claim to having the largest caves in the world, and first among these is, naturally, Mammoth Cave, Kentucky. It is only about eighty-five miles from Louisville. Upon visiting its depths it is easy to see how the word mammoth is coupled with its natural name, for parts of it have been explored for a distance of over 150 miles and maps made so that the guides themselves can't get lost. The main body of the cave is only about three miles long, yet parts of this section furnish the famous halls and domes, some of which are 175 feet wide and 125 feet high.

This great cavern has many small lakes and rivers, the best known of these being Echo River, which reverberates an echo to an untold distance, repeating the sound of your voice until only a whisper is heard at the last. The fish in this and the other bodies of water are white and have no eyes. There are also crickets, bats, flies, beetles, spiders and other queer blind creatures to be found here, and it is interesting to watch them when they are taken out into the light. Being blind, their movements are quite slow and cautious when compared to their kind that live out in the open. In taking a hike through this world's largest cave the guides light up the way so that many beautiful things can be seen, such as the Star Chamber, where the lofty ceiling is studded with snowy crystals that glisten like diamonds. When white men first discovered Mammoth Cave they found many stone arrowheads, pieces of torches and other relics which indicated that it had once been a meeting place for the Indians, and for all we know countless numbers of war dances may have taken place in the famous Star Chamber just mentioned.

Wyandotte Cave is another one of our great caverns and ranks next to Mammoth Cave in both size and interest. It is in Crawford County, Ind., and so far has been explored for more than twenty-three miles. In its depths are found many formations similar to those of its bigger sister, one of the chambers being 200 feet high and 300 feet broad. The temperature and moisture in the air are so even that you can walk a great distance without feeling the least fatigue until coming out into the open once more. But if you happen to be one of those few folks who do not indulge in hikes you'll certainly feel the results of the long walk after sitting around for a few minutes.

DEAD MAN'S REEF

By Kit Clyde.

We sat together in the low-ceiled smoky living room of the rude fisher's hut, Bob Tyrol and myself, watching in silence the fire of driftwood that burned clearly and brightly on the cracked stone hearth, and listening to the wild winds, and the hissing of many waters, as the black sea dashed its waves in impotent fury on the cruel rocks below.

Bob Tyrol now said:

"On this coast my father lived and gained his livelihood with boat and net; and on this coast I was born. At three years of age my mother died, and at five the first real joy that I had ever known crept into my baby life.

"It was just such a night as this that in the rain and darkness of the tempest the Pearl, East Indiaman, homeward bound, struck on yonder reef and sank.

"My father and some of his fellows manned a boat and put out to the wreck, for well they knew a rich harvest awaited them.

"I remember standing in the little porch in the teeth of the driving wind, and weeping, child-like, for the parent who had gone from me, as I thought, forever.

"But my sorrow was changed to joy when I saw, by the lantern's gleam, the stalwart forms returning, laden, up the beach, and heard again the sound of familiar human voices:

"Back into the little room I sped, and with all my feeble strength dragged some wood to the hearth and heaped it on the dying fire; and, as the flame leaped up again, my father entered, and I saw that he carried in his arms, wrapped in a heavy shawl, a tiny child, whose clinging yellow hair was all wet and dank with the salt spray.

"He forced some brandy between the colorless lips, and in a short time the little one was laughing as merrily as though she were cradled in her mother's arms—the poor mother who lay sleeping fathoms under the treacherous sea.

"That night she shared my little bed, and in the gray dawn I turned over to scan the baby face.

"Never before had I seen so sweet and winsome a sight, and from that moment I became her willing slave.

"Nothing was known of her connections, and, won by her beauty, the women of the village cared for her as tenderly as if she was their own.

"Together we played on the sands, or waded barefooted through the shoals; and many a time I periled my life to get her some delicate weed or rainbow-tinted shell that her beauty-loving eye coveted.

"So in time she grew up into a shy, dainty maiden, very different from the ruddy-cheeked fisher girls round about, and if I loved her before, I worshiped her then.

"I had always been a delicate lad, not over fond of the sea.

"And an old foreigner, who lived above in the village, leading the life of a recluse and caring for naught but his hooks, meeting me one day during a ramble on the sands, took a strange

fancy to me, and taught me, with the consent of my father, till finally the fisher boys began to hold me in derision on account of my slim frame and bookish ways, and dubbed me 'Gentleman Bob.'

"One summer there came to our dull village a gay party from a great city, 'for rest and quiet,' they said.

"The simple dwellers by the sea looked at them in strange maze and shook their heads in sore discontent at the white-faced gallants and gayly-attired ladies. For myself, I heeded them not, for my mind was full of other and to me more important things.

"One summer evening we sat together on the rocks. I was blissfully content, but there was a far-away look in Pearl's eyes (my father had named her after the ill-fated vessel from which she had been rescued) that seldom dwelt there.

"'Listen!' she cried suddenly, bending low her small head.

"A voice had risen seemingly out of the sea, and the strain it was singing sounded unlike any of our wild boat songs, the only music to which our ears were accustomed.

"'Perhaps it is a mermaid,' she murmured, a soft flush rising to her young cheek at the childish fancy.

"'One of those idle-handed gallants, more likely,' I answered, half-jealously, turning over the yellow sand with my foot.

"Before she could reply a firm step sounded above the plash of the restless tide.

"A tall form, clad in a spotless suit of linen, came around the turn in the rocky path, and the singer stood before us.

"'Pardon me,' he began, lifting a broad-brimmed hat from his handsome head, 'but I have lost my way. Can you direct me by the nearest route to the village?'

"As he spoke, his eyes rested admiringly on my companion's fair face, and he paused, evidently in no haste to continue his journey.

"'But if you will permit me,' he continued, smoothly, 'I will rest a few moments in this charming solitude, for I am weary clambering over the cliffs.'

"Whereupon he seated himself and began to converse, first of the sea, and then of the far countries beyond it, till Pearl's eyes brightened with mingled wonder and delight, as they had never done at any words of mine.

"The voice of the stranger was sweet and melodious as his song, his words well-chosen and full of power, and when the twilight deepened, wrapping us all in its purple shadow, I knew that I was forgotten by her whom I loved.

"How I hated him then!

"How I have hated him since!

"He was clad in a gentleman's dress, I in a fisher's garb.

"His face was as smooth and delicate as any lady of the realm, mine browned by exposure to sun and wind.

"He the acquaintance of an hour, I the companion from childhood, and for him I was forgotten.

"Many a time after that they met on the sands, and he wove his subtle toils about her.

"Her song grew more joyous; the love-light sparkled in her eye.

"She, woman-like, loved and trusted; but I knew more of men and their ways, and silently awaited the end.

"But I did not know what I afterwards learned, that his intended bride was the youngest and richest of the gay ladies who disturbed the quiet of the little seaside village that never-to-be-forgotten summer.

"Once, when the mellow autumn days had come, I found Pearl weeping bitterly.

"She had heard that the guests would seek a warmer clime on the morrow," she said, and paused. But I understood the rest.

"As I sought the sands a group of lads and lassies passed me, and Nathan Ford, bolder than the rest, called out, with a malicious smile on his swarthy face:

"The grand folks go on the morrow, and you can have your Pearl again."

"Lower down on the sands I found the one I sought.

"He stood looking seaward. I touched him on the shoulder.

"He turned. As he saw me, he smiled.

"Ah! he said; 'you will save me an unpleasant parting. Give my regards to the little one up yonder, and tell her that her fair face has beguiled many a lonely hour, and that I never before enjoyed such a pleasant summer pastime. That the memory it will—'

"But if you go without a word, her heart will break," I interrupted madly.

"Hearts, my good fellow, are not made of such light material," he answered mockingly, and turned on his heel.

"I carried in my hand a little switch, cut that morning from a heavy overhanging bough.

"In my blind fury I raised it and struck him in the face, leaving a ghastly cut across the smooth right cheek.

"He stared, glared at me with the eyes of a demon, and raised his right hand as if to strike, but let it fall motionless at his side again; then, turning, went slowly back over the sands, and I never saw him again; but the scar, given in my just wrath, he will carry to his grave.

"From that hour my darling drooped.

"The villagers looked at her with curious eyes, but she never heeded them; and when the spring came they carried her out and laid her under the budding flowers, she who was once the flower of them all.

"Since then I have lived a reckless, lonely man, praying no prayer but that I may one day meet the wretch who ruined two lives, and deal to him the mercy he dealt to others."

Boom, boom, boom!

The report of the minute gun! With a cry we dashed out into the uproar of the night, into the fury of the storm.

A little group stood on the surf-splashed sand, honest, simple men, with a deadly fear tugging at their heart-strings for the fate of the unfortunates in the plunging vessel, so soon to be buried in death and ruin.

"A man can die but once," said an old seadog, throwing back the gray locks from his bronzed face, "but there is the wife and the kids; who would bring them bread, mates, when the father's arm lay stiff and cold?"

"Ay, ay! who would?" came from a dozen husky throats.

Robert Tyrol stood looking in silence outward.

Suddenly there was a crash—a crushing, splitting sound of parting timber—and the wreck lay stranded on a sunken rock, with its hull partly out of water, a black, inert mass, utterly at the mercy of the raging element.

"I am a strong swimmer," said Robert Tyrol, "and possess neither kith nor kin. My life is of small moment to anyone, and it may be that I can rescue some poor soul from yonder wreck. Something within me tells me that I must go."

He had rapidly divested himself of all superfluous clothing, and, turning, wrung my hand.

The next moment he was parting the boiling waters with resolute strength, buffeted and bruised by their iron power.

Wilder the tempest raged.

The voice of the waters uprose exultant, like a lion secure of its prey, and we watchers on the shore waited with white lips and foreheads dank with dew, listening for some sound of rescuer and rescued.

Thus we waited till the dawn.

In the morning a clear sun shone in a cloudless sky, and the sands glittered like gold at her feet.

White-winged birds flew through the crisp air, and the blue waves rippled and smiled, casting up pieces of driftwood on the beach.

The fishermen were already busy launching the boats, and I stood sadly watching them, when a lad approaching me, hastily informed me that my presence was desired.

Following my guide, I went down the shore.

A group of women was gathered about the spot but they separated as I came near, and gazed at one another with fearful eyes.

Looking down at my feet I saw two bodies outstretched.

The stalwart figure and sea-soaked garb of one I knew, alas! too well.

The other was the form of a stranger, clad in handsome apparel, his upturned countenance a beautiful aristocratic one, save for one blemish, a deep white scar extending across the right cheek.

Their arms were entwined in a close clasp, and on each rigid face was imprinted an expression of deadly hate.

Kindly hands unclasped the dead cold arms, bearing the helpless remains to a place of shelter, and gentle women removed the wet clothing, shutting down the heavy sightless lips forever.

The fishermen would have buried them in the same grave, but I demurred, and they were given a separate resting place in the little church yard.

For the first time I saw the grave of her whom Robert Tyrol called Pearl, and noted with satisfaction that his own green mound was not many feet from it.

What strange and inscrutable fate sent him to meet his foe and his death at the same time on that terrible night, I know not; and since the day we laid the twain to rest on the grassy hillside till the last great trump shall summon the guilty and innocent ones of earth to appear before a righteous tribunal, I have never beheld Dead Man's Reef.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

BREATHS SMELLED

Because their breaths smelled strongly of cheese five men served terms in the county jail at Elko, Nev. A box car was broken open and a large cheese stolen. With no other clue than the belief that a heavy indulgence in cheese might taint the breath, the town marshal set forth and made five arrests. The evidence appeared so conclusive to the Magistrate that all were sentenced to jail.

NO DEATHS IN 57 YEARS

Cranmore, Cal., asserts itself the healthiest community in the State, basing its claim upon the fact that the local cemetery has not had a grave dug since 1863, the date of the last funeral in Cranmore.

Since that time several residents of the community have died in other sections of the State, but it is a remarkable fact that not a single death has occurred in the community since 1863.

THRILLING ESCAPE FROM A MAD ELEPHANT.

A British officer who was attached to one of the military missions in this country tells of the escape a friend of his in India had from a mad elephant. The brute had been making mighty efforts to wrench up the stake to which it was chained and at last it succeeded. With the first desperate bound forward the heavy ankle chains, frayed and worn in one link, had snapped asunder, and with the huge stake trailing behind it, the elephant charged down on the camp with a scream of fury.

The cry was raised: "Run, run, Sahibs! The tusker has gone mad! He has broken loose!"

The white men started to their feet and ran. The servants fled in all directions. One man was overtaken and killed, another was seized and flung into the river, and then the maddened beast vented his fury on the tent.

From the other shore of the river the Britishers could see the elephant who had thus scattered them in a perfect frenzy of rage, kneeling on the shapeless heap of cloth, furniture and poles and digging his tusks with savage fury into the hangings and canvas in the very abandonment of rage.

Then they realized that their friend and companion, McIntyre, had been left in the tent. They held their breaths and dared not look into one another's faces. Everything showed as clearly as if it had been day. They saw an elephant tossing the strong canvas canopy about. Thrust after thrust was made by the tusks into the folds of cloth. Raising his huge trunk, he would scream in the very frenzy of his wrath, but at last he staggered to his feet and rushed into the jungle.

And then to the joy of the onlookers a muffled voice was heard from beneath the tent folds: "Get me out of this, you fellows, or I'll be smothered."

In trying to leave the tent, McIntyre's foot had caught in a rope and the whole falling canopy had come down upon him, hurling the table and a few cane chairs over him. His escape had been miraculous. The brute in one of his savage, purposeless thrusts had pierced the ground between Mac's arm and his ribs, pinning his Afghan coat into the earth.

LAUGHS

"That railroad is in pretty bad shape, isn't it?" "Fierce. The ticket agent says that even the deadheads have begun patronizing other lines."

Clara—Herbert has been calling on me for three months. Do you think his intentions are serious? Maude—Possibly. It was six months before he proposed to me.

"Are we losing our taste for the finer things?" "I'm afraid so. After a man has eaten oleomargarine for a while, regular butter tastes as if there was something the matter with it."

"Tommy," said the hostess, "you appear to be in deep thought." "Yes'm," replied Tommy. "Ma told me somethin' to say if you should ask me to have some cake or anythin', an' I bin here so long now I forgit what it was."

"I hope," said the drummer, "you were satisfied with my report for the past month." "Well," replied the head of the firm, "there was one part of it that really exceeded our expectations." "And what was that?" "Your expense bill."

"Let me illustrate the difference between capital and labor," said the rich uncle to the impecunious nephew. "Suppose I give you \$500—" "That's capital," replied the nephew, extending his hand for the money.

An old native minister in a West Indian village announced that he had invented an automatic collection basket, which would be passed around by the deacons of his church. "It is so arranged, my brethren," said he, "that if you drop a quartah or half dollah, it falls noiselessly on a red plush cushion; if you drop in a nickel it will ring a bell dat can distinctly be heard by the entiah congregation, but if you let fall a button, my brethren, it will fiah off a pistol. No buttons were contributed.

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

TO MOVE HOUSE 63 MILES

Owing to the high cost of building material, a two story frame house at 2850 Hudson Boulevard, Jersey City, is to be cut in two and shipped to Belmar, N. J., sixty-three miles down the Jersey coast, by way of the Hackensack River.

The bisected dwelling will be put aboard motor trucks and carried to the river, where the load will be shifted to a float for the rest of the journey. The site on which the house now stands is to be used for building a moving picture theater.

ITALIAN NAILED TO CROSS BY INDIANS

Dr. Jose di Gabriele, the Italian religion zealot who was crucified by the Indian inhabitants of Tequizistlan, Oaxaca, last Good Friday, arrived recently in Mexico City, enroute to his home in Pachuca, apparently little the worse physically, but still harboring his beliefs.

Di Gabriele appeared in Oaxaca early in Lent, proclaiming himself to be the Saviour, and so worked on the superstitious and ignorant Indians that they crucified him, using railway spikes to nail him to a rude cross. He was taken down the next day and survived his ordeal, being viewed by thousands on Easter.

News of the crucifixion reached the capital of the state, Tehuantepec, and the Governor ordered Di Gabriele brought there. A great procession followed the cart in which he was transported. Later the Mayor of Tequizistlan, who acted as the Roman centurion, and four other principal figures on the crucifixion, were arrested.

REFUSE TO PAY UNJUST PRICES—OUIJA WON'T REDUCE H. C. L.

"The most worshipped household god in the world is known as the Ouija Board, and the most feared devil the H. C. L. Every family has its Ouija, and not only whole families but sometimes whole neighborhoods gather in the early evening to ask Ouija questions as to the future."

"Ouija is the spirit supposed, by the quaint beliefs of the worldlings, to inhabit the Ouija Board, a simplex triangle of wood with wheels at the base and a pencil at the apex. Ouija is believed to reveal herself in writing as she moves the pencil over paper. The worldlings apparently believe every word that Ouija writes; nevertheless they treat the spirit with great hardness. Never have I seen a shrine or altar to her name."

"H. C. L. is a devil who makes every worldling moan many times per day. His full name is the High Cost of Living, but all the world is too excited over his alleged misdeeds to use his full title. Ouija is said to have made but one prediction concerning the end of H. C. L., and that is that he would lose his power when all the world refused to pay tribute to him."

Thus might a man from Mars report on the two favorite subjects of conversation in America. No stranger to our customs could be greatly blamed for misinterpreting the attention that

"Ouija" gets. The country is in a rather "Ouija" state of mind. Instead of getting its feet down on the ground and solving our most pressing problem, the cost of living, by increasing production and building up the country's capital through increased savings, it prefers to spend its increased earnings as freely as may be for high-priced articles, and ask "Ouija" what can be done about it.

As the Government Loan Organization has consistently pointed out, prices will make a permanent step downward when people refuse to pay unjust prices. The money they have saved while waiting will thus profit them by buying more goods. In addition, if they have had their money invested while waiting in some such security as Government Savings Stamps, it will have earned interest for them.

Whether for temporary or permanent savings, Government Savings Stamps and Treasury Savings Certificates are an ideal form of investment, since they are always worth more than was paid for them, and are quickly and easily converted into cash.

— BUY W. S. S. —

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GOOD READING

TWELVE EARS ON ONE STALK

A stalk of corn with twelve ears on it is a remarkable exhibition at the real estate offices of J. C. & H. O. Williams, in Elizabethtown, Ky. It was grown by R. L. Coakley on the Crawford farm on Rolling Fork River.

"ROCK OF AGES" AIDS MILK

John Leighty, wealthy dairyman of East Huntingdon, Pa., purchased two highly bred Holstein cows a few days ago. He found that he had two of the worst kicking bossies in the country on his hands. How to reform his new milkers kept him awake nights until he saw an old Austrian woman swarm bees to a hive by placing a phonograph on top of it and grinding out jazz music.

Leighty started a jazz tune on his phonograph and began to milk one of the new cows. Tossing her head, the cow began to prance. Leighty then tried the old hymn "Rock of Ages." Bossie settled comfortably on her feet and a great calm came over her. Leighty milked her and got nary a kick. He states both cows are now milked to the strains of "Rock of Ages."

MOURNED AS DEAD, HE RETURNS HOME

Memphis, Tenn., has a modernized Rip Van Winkle. He is Charles M. Rome, aged 79, who walked away one summer's day in 1889 and was never heard from again until he stepped into the office of his son late the other day.

Details of the story of Rip Van Winkle fits strangely with facts of Mr. Rome's disappearance. Following a little family tiff he left Memphis and disappeared as completely as if he had taken a draught from the flagon in the dwarf's cabin. But Mr. Rome did not fall asleep. He has traveled over the whole Western hemisphere, serving as a Texas Ranger, a gold seeker in Alaska, a fisherman in the Northwest and a wanderer in Central America. Failing eyesight finally took him to the Old Soldier's Home, in Ohio, where, after five years, his sight was restored.

After fifteen years there he decided on his birthday, March 9, to return home. He had been believed dead for a quarter century. Charles Rome, a planter at Holly Springs, Miss., the other surviving son, was notified by phone and broke a record with a Ford by reaching Memphis in an hour and a half to greet his dad.

WOULD EXPLORE EARTH'S INTERIOR

"The skin of an apple measures in the neighborhood of a hundredth of an inch in thickness. The apple—a large one—is, say, four inches in diameter. Enlarge it to the diameter of the earth and the skin will measure about twenty miles in thickness. What do we know about the skin of our apple?" asks the Scientific American Monthly.

"The deepest well ever bored is on the Lake farm near Fairmont, West Virginia. It is a hole six inches in diameter, which was driven to a depth of 7,579 feet, or nearly a mile and a half,

before a slide of earth stopped further boring. The deepest mine shaft in the world is at Morro Velho, Brazil, which goes to a depth of 6,400 feet below the surface, or approximately one mile and a fifth. So far we have barely begun to know through the skin of the earth. What do we know of the meat of this apple?

"We assume that the center of the earth is hot, very hot indeed. Samples of the earth's interior are hurled out of volcanoes or pour as molten lava from the lips of craters, but we can only guess at the depth from which this material comes. We doubt that the core of the earth is molten.

"We know that as we dig into the earth the temperature rises, but the rise of temperature is not regular; it varies with different localities. In the lake we referred to above a temperature of 168.6 degrees Fahrenheit was observed at a depth of 7,500 feet. It is assumed that the boiling point would be reached at a depth of about 10,000 feet.

"Because we know so little of the interior of the earth it has been suggested that explorations be conducted into the interior of the earth for the purpose of obtaining scientific information. Some years ago Sir Charles A. Pearsons proposed that a shaft be dug to a depth of twelve miles. It was objected at the time that the enormous pressure of the earth would make it difficult, if not impossible, to dig such a shaft. It was even suggested that the surrounding pressure would actually close the bore.

"However, small scale experiments have been made with high pressures and temperatures which indicate that such would not be the case, and it is probable that the full diameter of the bore could be maintained until so great a depth had been attained that the combined heat and pressure would render the rock plastic and cause it to flow into the bore. This would certainly not take place at a depth of less than thirty miles. No doubt the greatest obstacle to be overcome would be that of high temperature. Special cooling apparatus would be required to reduce the heat sufficiently to enable the workmen to perform their labors."

Sir Charles Parsons estimates that it would take thirty years to bore such a shaft as he suggests.

The Scientific American says: "Not only would the shaft be of interest to science, but it is quite probable that it would prove of commercial value. Those who have bewailed the fact that we are fast exhausting our stores of coal and oil and have been holding forth a gloomy prospect for posterity may be reminded that there are vast stores of heat confined within the earth which have not yet been tapped. Undoubtedly there are vast deposits of minerals still to be exploited, and it may be that there are materials rich in value yet to be discovered and put into the service of man.

"It is well worth our while to explore the skin of the apple we live upon."

SOMETHING TO KNOW

A 16-inch electric fan handles about 2,600 cubic feet of air in a minute.

European Russia is believed to have 13,000,000 horsepower in undeveloped open water power.

New aluminum foil for wrapping purposes is only one-sixth of one-hundredth of an inch thick.

Fireproof, waterproof and odorless paper has been made from a seaweed by an English scientist.

The first known use of asbestos was in the manufacture of cremation robes for the ancient Romans.

A tray which can be clamped to the bottom of a syrup jar to catch its drippings is a household novelty.

A new cabinet for phonographs and records is mounted on two legs and two wheels so that it can be moved easily.

Bread made with sea water instead of fresh water is recommended by a French scientist for invalids and children.

Tests made in Ireland by scientists have shown that the wind carries some disease bacteria 200 feet and as high as sixty feet into the air.

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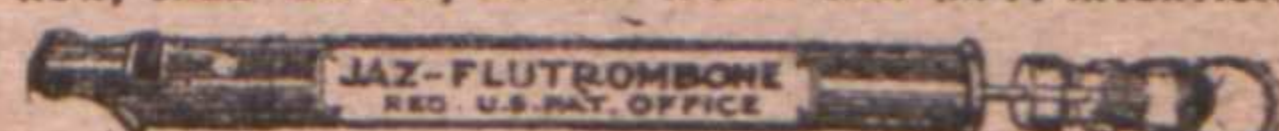
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bad and Hom-
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roundings are
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ena are wonder-
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ture of the water
is no less than
203 degrees Fah-
renheit, which,
taking into con-
sideration the
height of the
source above sea
level, is just
about boiling
point, and
clouds of steam
arise from the
earth in different
directions, as
well as from a
mass of water-
fall. Where the
waters rise the
surface of the
rock is thickly
incrusted with
carbonate of lime
and resembles
white marble.
The largest vol-
ume of water
falls into a
beautiful wooded
glen, and the
rock over which
it passes has the
appearance of a
huge petrified
calcareous de-
posit. Above the
fall and scattered
about are numer-
ous pools of bub-
bling water, the
bottoms of which
are rendered
creamy white by
the deposits. In
the waste water
that runs away
below the falls
Arabs may be
seen washing.

THE PIPE FISH

The Kangaroo has always seemed to have the monopoly of that convenient way of carrying its babies in a pouch, but it has been discovered that a fish has the same useful receptacle which it uses for the same purpose. The pipe fish, as it is called from the length of its jaws, has a pocket on the under side of its body nearly half its length. It is found in the male species only, and is the only part of its body which is unprotected by large bat plates, which takes the place of scales in its protective armor. If a pipe fish is taken from the water and its little ones shaken out of the pouch back into the water they always seem either unable or disinclined to run away. But if the father is placed in the water again, all the small fish immediately swim back into the pouch. These curious little creatures have prehensile tails, which they use to hold on to the seaweed to prevent themselves being carried away by the tide. The pipe fish is similar to the small eel, being about a foot in length and an inch in thickness, but unlike the eel, it has a very long jaw.

He Quit Cigarettes



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"I smoked cigarettes ever since a boy. From six to eight sacks of tobacco I used weekly," states Mr. S. H. Ferguson.

Cigarettes were doing me great harm. I became so nervous that I couldn't sleep until I smoked. Each morning I had an awful taste in my mouth.

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The foregoing remarks are like those of many other men who have been freed from the habit of smoking cigarettes, pipe or cigars or who have been chewing tobacco or dipping snuff excessively.

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Write at once to Edward J. Woods, TC-103, Station F, New York, N. Y.

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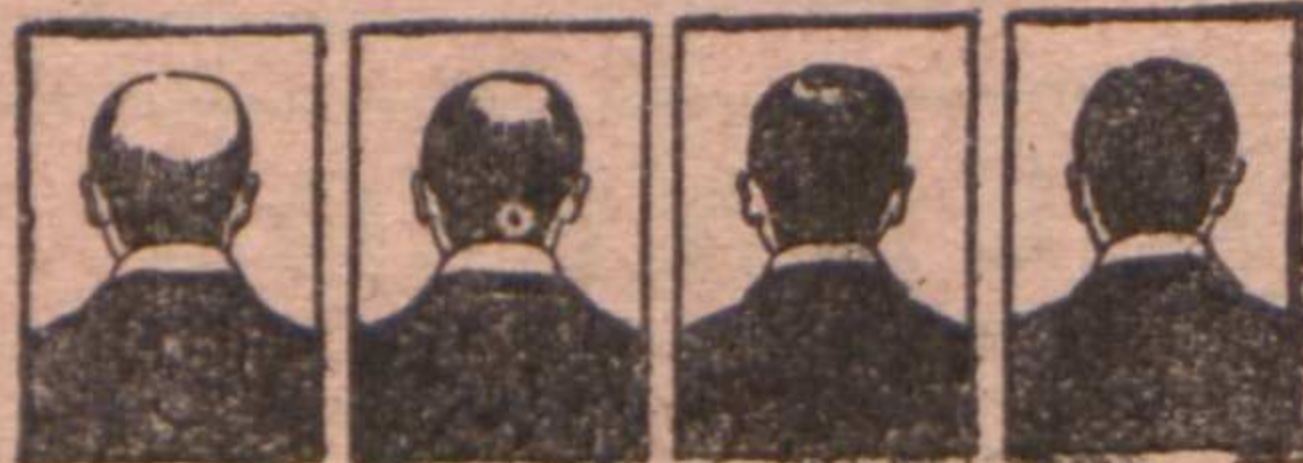
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Send NO MONEY Just your name, and we will send you 24 of our Art Pictures to dispose of on special offer at 25c each. Send us the \$6 you collect and we will send this new improved E. D. L. Phonograph and a selection of 6 records free.
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FARMERS RAISE FISH

Farmers are developing a new source of food supply and revenue from artificial fish ponds. Many have found that an acre or two of waste land converted into a pond will produce all the fish the owner's family can use during the year and in many cases enough extra fish to bring a small income at market. The cost of building and stocking such a pond is small and the expense of maintenance is practically nothing.

For a century or more fish culture has been common in several European countries. Agricultural experimental stations and schools teach the farmer economic methods of raising fish for the table. The supply of fish in the public waters of these countries was exhausted long ago and as sufficient meat could not be raised on land to supply fully the increasing demand it became necessary to transform waste land into water areas and stock them with fish. That condition is repeating itself in this country, and now there are many such ponds in this country, especially in the East.

State agricultural departments have devoted considerable attention to the project and the Federal Government has undertaken to supply pond owners with stock fish and to instruct them in the care of the fish. The bureau of fisheries, upon written application, supplies enough brood fish to form the nucleus for a pond, delivering them free at the pond owner's station. The fishes supplied by the bureau are large and small mouthed black bass, crappie, calico, or strawberry bass, rock bass, Warmouth or goggle eyed bass, sunfishes and catfishes.

Carl H. Thompson has a fish pond 60 by 120 feet in surface dimensions and from four to six feet deep. In May he placed in this pond four pairs of small mouthed black bass. Fifteen months later he seined the pond and took therefrom, by actual count, 1,017 black bass averaging one pound each. He also had stocked the pond with yellow perch and at this seining he took out between 600 and 700 yellow perch, weighing, according to his statement, not less than 250 pounds. This makes the production of the pond amount to 1,267 pounds of fish in fifteen months.

Aquatic plants generally are introduced to purify the water and provide nesting and hiding places for the fish and attractive multitudes of various minute forms of aquatic life on which the fish feed the year around. Water lilies, cattails and other such plants from nearby waters are weighted with stones and sunk in the pond, where they quickly take root and begin to thrive and spread.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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- 753 The Lucky Seven; or, The Boys Who Won the Money.
- 754 Will, the Waif; or, From Bootblack to Merchant.
- 755 Prince of the Curb; or, A College Boy in Wall Street.
- 756 Wrecked in the Gulf; or, The Gold of the Old Buccaneers.
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